

December 27, 1961

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The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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CHRISTMAS READING: Stories by H. E. Bates,
Pearl Buck, Elizabeth Goudge, Agatha Christie.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

• British writer Alan Lloyd, who wrote the feature story "Do You Really Understand Him?" (page 7), could endorse the old-fashioned saying that a wife, even after 10 years of marriage, can know so little about her husband that she still doesn't know how much sugar he likes in his tea.

WHILE researching the story, a woman, married 15 years, told him: "For the first time, during my husband's illness, he seemed keen to talk about anything and everything.

"Do you know, I discovered quite a new man. I'd never dreamed he had so much hidden feeling."

★ ★ ★
HISTORICAL writer William Joy, who tells of the early Australian Christmases (page 25), mentioned to us that if Governor Phillip's first Christmas on Sydney Cove was difficult it was even worse in the new convict settlement on Norfolk Island.

There, Philip Gidley King, who took his orders from Governor Phillip, declared the day a full holiday and issued a double allowance of salt beef and half a pint of rum.

The island's third Christmas was utterly grim. No stores had arrived for a year, and the men and women convicts were down to a diet of fish, mutton-birds, and water.

Also in the issue is the third instalment of our serial, "The Pale Horse," by Agatha Christie; and an extra story, "The Yellow Crab," by H. E. Bates.

Our cover

• Christmas Bells. These grow in profusion near Caloundra, about 60 miles north of Brisbane.

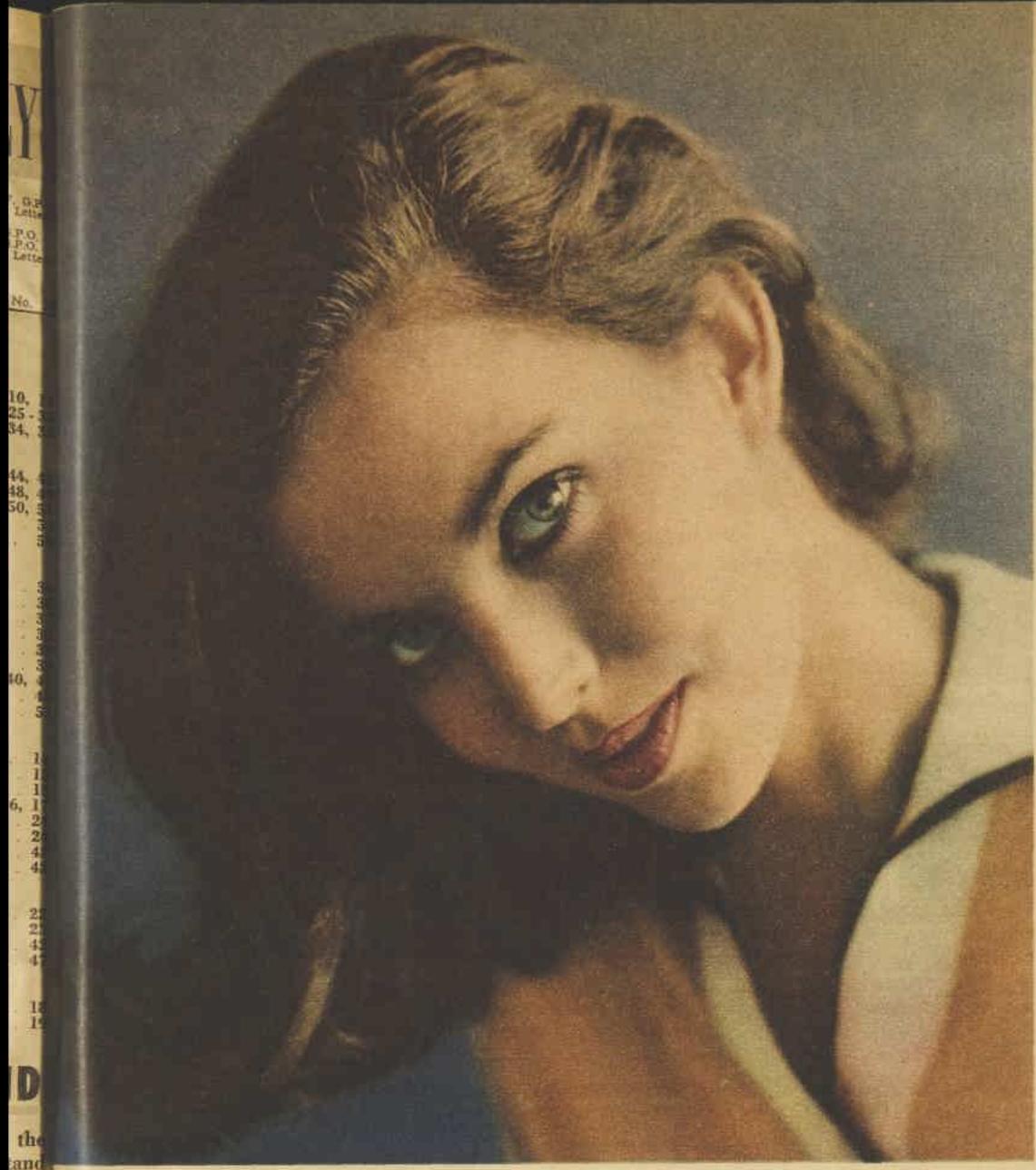
asked what they thought it would be like to take the first pictures of Princess Margaret's baby (see 1961 Babies, pages 10 and 11).

They laughed and said: "What an assignment! Imagine having to photograph the baby of the year with his one-time Royal photographer father looking on."

They were spared the ordeal, however, as the one-time Royal photographer, Lord Snowdon, took the first pictures of his son himself.

★ ★ ★
THIS week we have a bigger-than-usual section of fiction with three Christmas stories — "The Bird of Dawning," by Elizabeth Goudge; "The Christmas Ghost," by Pearl Buck, and "A Card At Christmas," by Deirdre Hill, a Sydney writer.

Also in the issue is the third instalment of our serial, "The Pale Horse," by Agatha Christie; and an extra story, "The Yellow Crab," by H. E. Bates.



MODEL Margo McKendry (above) and her American fiance, Dr. "Mike" Hogan (right).

● One of Australia's most celebrated models, 23-year-old Margo McKendry, of Sydney, hopes marriage and motherhood will soon put an end to her glamorous career.

MARGO, a popular Australian Women's Weekly "cover girl" before her spectacular triumphs abroad in the past two years, will be married in New York next March to a shy, handsome 31-year-old surgeon, Dr. Vincent Michael Hogan, Jr.

During her current six weeks' Christmas holiday in Sydney, Margo McKendry has two very important things to do.

One is to give her mother, Mrs. M. L. McKendry, of Double Bay—whom she hasn't seen for nine months—first-hand news of her fiance, Mike, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent M. Hogan, of New Jersey.

The other is to learn to cook and sew. "Not that I'll be much help to her there," said Mrs. McKendry laughingly.

Dr. Hogan, who is a graduate of Princeton University, the most fashionable of the Ivy League schools, received his medical degree from Columbia University, and is now completing his training as a general and plastic surgeon.

Says Margo: "He's everything that's wonderful. Tall, good-looking, with amber eyes, brown hair, and a dimple in his chin! And he also flies jet planes."

The flying came about when he was a flight-surgeon during his national service with the U.S. Fleet Air Arm. Before this he had finished two of his five years of specialist training in plastic surgery at St. Luke's Hospital, New York.

Dr. Hogan recently wrote to Mrs. McKendry "introducing himself" and explaining: "Margo and I were introduced casually in New York by a friend I knew at prep. school."

"But when Margo was working in Paris I suspected it was developing into more than just a casual friendship," said Mrs. McKendry. "She used to write and tell me that Mike had telephoned her in Paris from New York!"

When Margo was interviewed by Robert Feldman of our New York office before she left for Australia, she said she expected to retire to "the quiet life of a doctor's wife, I hope," as soon as children arrive.

After Michael completes his residency at St. Luke's, New York, some time next year they may settle in San Francisco, she said, "because it's the nearest American city to Australia."

When Margo returns to New York next February she will be accompanied by her mother, who will help her prepare for the wedding. "It will be a church wedding," Margo said, but she was "not sure" which church.

Margo and Mike have rented a luxurious six-room penthouse atop a new 16-storey apartment house on fashionable East 83rd Street.

The view is to the north and east, with Long Island Sound fading fogily away into the distance and, a mile or so off, Hell Gate Bridge.

Margo occupied the flat a few weeks before her departure for Australia, but so far the furnishings consist of a bed, a sofa, a TV set, a steamer trunk which does service as coffee table, a Christmas tree, and a negro maid.

Margo buttered round Mike adoringly while they were being photographed by Robert Feldman.

"Isn't he handsome?" she said. "Show your dimples, dear. He looks just like a male model I often work with and it's rather disconcerting at times . . ."

Dr. Hogan, flustered by the photography, seemed more at ease discussing lung cancer.

Margo lit a cigarette. Her fiance then went into considerable clinical detail, contrasting the unhealthy appearance of the lung linings of a smoker and a non-smoker.

Fascinated, Margo reached for another cigarette. Dr. Hogan obligingly lit it for her with a pocket lighter.

Margo to marry in New York



NEXT WEEK:

Big Fiction Issue

● For Holiday Reading

A wonderful selection of short stories by big-name authors includes—"From a View to a Kill," by Ian Fleming; "Jeeves Makes an Omelet," by P. G. Wodehouse; "Visiting Blonde," by Rebecca Shallit; "A Night Like Any Other," by Sylvia Dee. PLUS the fourth instalment of our outstanding serial—"THE PALE HORSE," by Agatha Christie.

● Flower Calendar for 1962

Each month is illustrated with a color picture of an Australian flower, including Waratah, Sturt's Desert Pea, Christmas Bell, Wattle, Flannel Flower. You can cut the calendar out of the paper, paste it on cardboard, and get pleasure from it all the year.

● TV cowboys' picnic

Color pictures of Western heroes, including "Rawhide" star Clint Eastwood, at a picnic these big TV stars gave for deaf children, patients of three huge Hollywood hospitals.

● Paris beach fashions

Witty fashions, featuring the "sheltered look." Jacques Heim was influenced by the West Indies for ankle-length beach pyjamas; Madeleine de Rauch took her draped head coverage from the Arabs.

● Cool-weather desserts

Butterscotch Nut Cream, Frosty Fudge Squares, Orange Velvet Bombe—good to look at, good to eat—and nourishing.

YOUR OWN MOTHER-AND-BABY PHOTOGRAPH MIGHT WIN £50

AMONG the pictures your husband took of you and your baby, have you selected one to enter in our picture contest?

As a follow-up to the beautiful pictures of Princess Margaret and baby David, taken by his father, former society photographer Tony Armstrong-Jones, we are offering two prizes of £50 for your own best mother-and-baby picture taken by the father.

The pictures can be either color transparencies or black-and-white. We can't accept color prints.

The baby in the picture should not be more than 12 months old, BUT IT DOES NOT MATTER HOW OLD THE PICTURE IS. Your baby may now be grown up.

Twins or triplets are eligible, too, as long as they are shown with their mother and the picture was taken by the father.

Address entries: "Baby Picture," *The Australian Women's Weekly*, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

On the back of the picture, or on a slip attached to it, print in block letters the names of baby and yourself and your husband, your address, and phone number if you have one. This must be signed by either parent.

Example: "Mrs. John Doe and baby John, 7 months, taken 1958 by Mr. John Doe, 2 Smith Street, Brownsburg, Vic.—XA9163. (Signature.)"

THE PRIZES:

- £50 for best color transparency.
- £50 for best black-and-white picture.
- Four prizes of £10. Four prizes of £5.

Consolation prizes of £2/2/- each for any other pictures published.

If you want your picture back, send stamped, addressed envelope for return.

Black-and-white pictures may be any size as long as they are sharp. Color transparencies should not be smaller than 35-millimetre.

The competition is open to all except members of the staff of Australian Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their immediate families.

CLOSING DATE: Monday, January 8.

MIXED MEMORIES WILL LINGER ON

By FREDA IRVING

● For nearly 79 years a pestiferous little 6½ inches has forced millions of interstate train passengers to walk millions of padding miles—collectively speaking—along the seemingly interminable length of the Albury railway station platform. *Next April the drear of that pillared stretch of tunnel-like gloom will become only a memory.*

FOR that's when passengers will experience the first delights of the removal of that 6½in. from Victoria's 5ft. 3in. gauge to bring it in line with the N.S.W. gauge. Trains will travel from Melbourne to Sydney in one express sweep, with a mere 10 minutes' break for a change of diesel engines.

They will cut 2½ hours off the present running time, reducing the inter-capital trip to 13 hours.

The trains can travel up to 80 miles an hour—a far whistler from the 27 m.p.h. of the first Sydney-Melbourne passenger trains.

When the through run starts there'll no longer be the dreaded tumble-out in the middle of the night, clutching bags, parcels, and suitcases, with that seemingly never-ending platform to be tramped to sleeper or seat, or the bleary pre-breakfast change, similarly burdened, from m a r o n N.S.W. train to blue Victorian one.

With, if you were strong enough and not too closely cluttered with children, a mad dash to the refreshment-room for some tea in a thick china cup, which was always just getting to the right temperature for drinking when the old clanging bell rang for the "all aboard, please."

And back you went again, dodging people, pillars, and parcels beneath the old curved-iron roof, dark with the soot of the thousands of coal-burning engines which have clattered alongside the platform since 1881.

Back in those days trains steamed into Albury only from Sydney. It was not till 1883 that Victoria extended its link from Wodonga, three miles away on the other side of the Murray River—the border between the two States.

The platform then was only 400ft. long. Today it stretches for 1510ft., the second longest covered railway platform in Australia. Melbourne's Flin-

That old break-off

ders Street station has a platform that beats it by 587ft.

Kalgoorlie, too, is apt to put in a claim to being longer than Albury, but Albury passes it off scornfully by saying that Kalgoorlie's isn't a covered one, and that, anyhow, isn't a proper platform for its full length.

Adventure spot

"It has extensions at either end," said the clerk in charge of the Albury Parcels Office, Mr. Jack Hines, shunting this Western Australian contender firmly to one side.

Actually, there's a lot of local argument about the Albury platform's length, but 1510ft. seems to be the official figure. "Anyway, what does it matter? It's really just as

long as your luggage makes it," added Jack Hines.

And, no matter what its length, it's still the most memory-packed change-over platform in Australia.

Schoolchildren from most corners of the east of Australia remember it as rather an exciting adventure spot for the final expenditure of travelling pocket-money.

For them it meant a tuck-in at the 48ft. counter in the refreshment room, with its carved lions' heads on its polished wooden front, and a dash to the bookstall, with its 70 different magazines, its comics, its paperbacks, its playing cards, its pen and pencils, bottle-openers, and combs.

Countless thousands of servicemen and servicewomen of World War II remember the platform grimly as yet another laden trudge to be clattered along from one troop train to another, stamping their own bit of history into the worn asphalt, their movements firmly disciplined by Navy, Army, and Air Force R.T.O.s.

working three shifts round the clock. The Army alone had a staff of 31 in its office. Today there are two.

New Australians from all over Europe remember it fearfully as yet another bewildering staging point for yet another break in their lives.

Mothers remember it wearily as a place of tired, peevish, and sleepy children and porters.

Businessmen remember it curtly as an infernal nuisance.

But the railwaymen who work on it and the 70 acres of sheds, yards, and tracks surrounding it all regard it with a family pride. Even if they do occasionally curse its length.

Where's Elsie?

"And wouldn't you if it had you walking six miles a day?" grumbled Leading Platform Porter Mick Arnott. With a grin, though, which took the sting out of his whinge.

The link in all these memories will be snapped on April 16 when the first of the through expresses glides into this famous platform, some with smart sleeper roomettes and twinettes, in which travellers may sleep through the engine change with never a



● Albury awaits first Sydney train. Melbourne trains came in 1883.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1961



• The famous long platform at Albury where millions of passengers have made the change between N.S.W. and Victorian trains.

Gauge waltz is ending

break in their dreams; others with sitting-up air-conditioned carriages from which no one need stir unless the mood, or nostalgic memory, moves them.

Even if they do, there'll hardly be time even for the "Where's Elsie?" call which used to echo round as drinkers hurried into the station bar with an ever-ready greeting for tall Elsie O'Donnell, 32 years there and with a memory to the regulars as long as her years of duty.

To match the new streamlined rail travel, the old station's getting a proper face-lift with lashings of pale green paint to lighten the familiar dirty gloom, giving out a skittish air to the staid platform.

This pale green complexion

won't have to risk dirtying by soot and steam, for soon there won't even be the "piffta, piffta, pi-foosh" of the old steam locomotive echoing along the platform.

All the Melbourne-Sydney expresses will be dieselised by the time the gauge goes through.

Fast freight

And gradually all the goods trains will "go diesel," too — those goods trains which combine with the Sydney-Melbourne expresses and the trains from surrounding centres to make Albury Station Australia's biggest and busiest country terminal, and, up till now, the main transhipment point between Victoria and New South Wales.

There will be less transhipment, of course, when the standard-gauge goods trains start in January, for only goods for intermediate stations on the Victorian run will have to be transferred from the 4ft. 8½in. gauge trucks.

The rest will stay put from Sydney to Melbourne in trains running up to 60 m.p.h., with departure timings allowing for overnight despatch of goods and delivery the following morning.

Passenger and goods trains

also combine to make Albury a 24-hour-a-day station with a minimum 24 trains speeding in each day, bringing anything up to 600 passengers from one train or laden with great loads of steel from Port Kembla, cattle from Queensland, cars from South Australia.

In the last financial year about a million tons of freight moved through Albury, and last year 120,000 items went through the parcels office.

One hectic period remembered with a certain amount of awe by the station staff was the passing through of 7000 Boy Scouts over a period of two days last Christmas, every one of them served with refreshments.

Droughts have brought their drama to the station over the years, with sometimes four trainloads of starving stock through in one afternoon — about 200 vans, each carrying 110 sheep or 10 cattle.

Through the station, too, goes anything from a screw to a tank from the Army supply depot at Bandiana en route to any part of Australia, and supplies of ammunition from the six-miles-distant munitions depot for all over Australia.

Through all this pulsing and ever-increasing activity, the 79-year-old station has firmly retained, since the day it was built, the same solid face of red and white bricks (said to have come from Belgium), dressed with cement and roofed with slate, blandly dominating the top end of Smollett Street.

Even its 72ft. clock tower still remains a clock tower without a clock these 79 years and billions of train miles later.

The only facial concession it has made to progress is to have its original fancy Victorian verandahs on either side of the tower removed for the building of offices.

Not so the town which it has served so faithfully over the years.

Motels and TV

Amid the charm of its wide tree-lined streets, the city of Albury is fast changing its original single and two-storeyed timber look to one of many-storeyed brick buildings.

Motels are springing up like mushrooms after rain and a warm spell. Already there are two with 44 units each, and by next year there will be four more, with a total of 94 units, within a radius of three miles, to help cope with the steadily increasing tourist traffic to the district and transients to the snow country.

TV antennas are multiplying on the roof-tops as citizens prepare for their Christmas present of a booster station at Shepparton, which will make all Melbourne channels available to them.

The big new Civic Square has started to take shape. The building of its dominating feature, a concert hall to seat 800 at a cost of £175,000, will start next year.

Increasing numbers of New



• Relaxing in a deck chair he made himself, ex-railwayman Thomas Michael (Mick) Green lets memories run. He'll be 99 on July 19, and so is 20 years older than the N.S.W.-Victoria rail link-up at Albury. He started at Culcairn ("Cul," as he calls it) as a ganger at 2/6 a week, and was a permanent-way inspector when he retired in 1926 with a loving knowledge of every line that led in or out of Albury Station. When that date came Mick ordered a green car to be delivered on St. Patrick's Day, and he was a familiar figure round Albury in it until he sold it 15 years later.

Australian residents have three miles out on the main road to Lake Hume.

Which is doubtless regarded as an impudent piece of progress by the Victorian Lady of Smollett Street, but it's not one she'll worry about unduly, for she knows smugly that she's an extra large part of what makes Albury tick.

And always will be, no matter how many flighty young things with shining wings fly over her steady old head.



• The station today, still with no clock in its clock tower.

Invite your friends in for a "Bushells Break"



The new and friendly way to get together with neighbours and your friends is to invite them in for a "Bushells Break."

It is a wonderfully easy, relaxed way to get together . . . even for you, the hostess.

A friendly cup of Bushells helps everyone relax and enjoy the bright company and pleasant chit-chat . . . and

Bushells INSTANT Coffee means you can now serve both tea and coffee without fuss or trouble, yet know you are offering your guests the best there is . . . Bushells.

Bushells like to think they have made it easy for you to have these friendly get-togethers often. Invite those friends and neighbours NOW . . . and arrange a "Bushells Break" this week.

STOP FOR BUSHHELLS

GO REFRESHED

Do you really understand him?

• That man in your life . . . Do you know what makes him tick? Can you really read him like a book, or – be honest – is he sometimes a baffling stranger?



EVERWHERE we men are bowing discreetly before a bright new feminine intellect. We, who once treated our wives as servants, now push prams, feed babies, get the breakfast, and share in goodness knows what other erstwhile womanly chores.

On the face of it women have changed their partners beyond recognition in the past half century. But HAVE men been changed? Do women understand them any better?

To what extent are his feelings about sex, marriage, and domesticity really the same as hers? What does he think about other women? How well does she know the man in her life?

The chances are he is more of a stranger than she thinks.

No two men are quite alike in their attitudes to women.

The desire to get away from women is one of the reasons why some men go to live in deserts. Then there are men whose entire lives are based on the pursuit of the fair sex.

Between these extremes, between the desert-dwellers and the Casanovas, is "the average man," situated on the halfway mark.

Broadly speaking, desert-dwelling types are more likely to be found among scientists, technicians, and theorists than among artists, musicians, and writers, whose activities are closely bound up with sensory impressions. The latter are more inclined to seek feminine company.

They're afraid to give themselves away

Experts are agreed that a man's physique is no guide to his capacity for love. The girl who indiscriminately associates hairy chests and bulging biceps with virility is particularly in danger of being disillusioned.

Frequently throughout history, small, timid men have smouldered with the fiery desire to cherish, possess, and protect, where tough men and derring-doers have proved themselves incapable of both the selflessness and passion of love.

There are few golden rules in the market for men; no formula for separating the gems from the white elephants while they are still on the stall.

A man is a gift whose worth or worthlessness to woman can only be valued with time. A man insists on revealing himself slowly — perhaps never fully, even at the close of marriage — and the more you try to draw him out, the more he'll clam up.

Some time ago, my wife and I were introduced at a dinner-party to three couples we'd never met before.

At the end of the evening, the women knew so much about each other they might have been visiting all their lives. All I had learned of the men was that the first was either a retired naval officer who bred pigs, or a retired pig-breeder who sailed boats; the second didn't give a damn for golf, and the third had a whale of a thirst. We parted as strangers.

While it's in the nature of women to reveal themselves, to show their cards and know what is what, men feel safer giving away as little as possible.

A man believes in keeping his trumps up his sleeve — not for the sense of power it gives him but because he is never really convinced of their value.

Not surprisingly, it is men (able to see at a glance what a bargain they are getting) who actually fall in love at first sight, and not women, as is commonly supposed.

The whole of woman's experience urges her to be cautious, to be exacting in her choice.

If she is to bear a man's children, she must be able to depend upon his tenderness, constancy, and ability to provide. On the other hand, once she has chosen, a man must be quick to please before she changes her mind.

Hence, men are more volatile, more opportunist in love.

This trait in man's nature is often as infuriating to his wife as it is necessary to the propagation of the species.

How she fumes at his blatant eagerness to open the car door for a pretty neighbor, to fuss over drinks for an attractive guest, to help an elegant visitor into and out of her coat!

How predictable the glint in his eye when he passes a

comely girl in the street or chats to some raven-haired beauty at a party!

How flamboyantly he flings his metaphorical cloak in the puddle for every winsome mortal in a skirt!

Does he really want to make love to them all? Not really. As a puppet of evolution, he is being jerked by an aged set of reflex actions. The important thing to remember — if he is yours — is that you are in charge of the vital strings.

Many (perhaps most) wives do themselves the injustice of underestimating their womanly powers. They also do their husbands the injustice of doubting a loyalty at least as strong as theirs, though different in some aspects.

A woman lives in a single world, a world in which she sees her husband variously as strong, weak, hero, buffoon, maybe a villain occasionally, and so on.

Shut out of his private world

But a man lives in two worlds. One of them excludes his wife altogether. It is a small, private world of unpalatable business truths, of affairs of which he's not very proud, of the unshareable needs and worries of his life.

In the larger world of his family, his wife's role is invariable. She is always his queen of hearts.

True, the most happily married of men may dream of women other than his wife, but to compare them with her strikes him as blasphemous. "Other women" belong in the small world.

A man is likely to be less upset by contemplating an emotional attachment between his wife and another man than by the knowledge that she is capable of comparing him unfavorably in public.

"It's quite five or six weeks since Jim brought home any chocolates or flowers, and he hasn't taken me out to dinner for at least a month," is the sort of remark often passed between women that a man takes as a breach of loyalty. A wife, he believes, should uphold his virtues and not air his shortcomings.

The average husband doesn't complain in company that it's a long time since his wife baked him a lemon meringue

By
ALAN
LLOYD



pie. If he complains at all, he does it privately, thus feeling the intimacy of their private life to be preserved.

During many years of man-talk, in pubs, clubs, on trains, aeroplanes and elsewhere, I have never heard a man pass a really derogatory remark about his wife. Such apparent fidelity sometimes puzzles other women.

"I don't know what he sees in her," is a common feminine complaint.

There is a motherly saying, for instance, that no man loves a girl who whistles, and another that "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

None of the men I know was inspired to courtship or marriage by that particular appetite — and many undoubtedly admire a tuneful whistler.

To a larger extent than women possibly imagine, what a man sees in a woman is what he sees.

As far as men are concerned, sex-appeal is still primarily connected with visual stimulation. Appearances that please men have varied enormously.

At one time the emphasis is on bosoms, and a Jayne Mansfield becomes a symbol; now on bobbing hips, and the Monroes and Bardots are with us. Now it is plunging neck-lines, now tight skirts, now little grace, and so on.

The woman who most nearly conforms to the average current standard will look appealing to the largest number of men in her time.

But, in fact, men are highly individual in their preferences, and women of all types will always find admirers.

This is not to say, of course, that looks are everything to a man. But they are the first

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This is the promise of Ipana Fluoride:



*"The dentist was so pleased with me, Mum
... he didn't have to use the drill once."*

The promise of Ipana Fluoride is simply this: new freedom from tooth decay for all the family. Because Ipana Fluoride toothpaste hardens tooth enamel, locks out tooth decay.

Now, after ten years' dental research, you can give your family this extra protection of Ipana Fluoride, the toothpaste that contains the same active fluoride that dentists paint on teeth—the same fluoride that authorities recommend for addition to public water supplies. Brushing with Ipana Fluoride means that, every time you clean your teeth, you will also harden tooth enamel, lock out tooth decay. Even "soft spots" will be strengthened and protected.

Ask your family chemist. He knows all about Ipana Fluoride.



Australia's first fluoride toothpaste.
Hardens tooth enamel, locks out tooth decay!

(Sorry! Ipana Fluoride is not yet available in certain areas of Australia.)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1961

The latest Royal photographers are a team

● When Archie Parker recently became a Royal photographer a long tradition was broken.

His predecessors have been bachelors — Antony Armstrong-Jones and the late Baron. So, so, is the veteran Cecil Beaton.

Archie Parker is married. His beautiful wife, Una Marie, is also a photographer, and together they carry out every assignment.

Their partnership has taken them on many exciting journeys across Europe to photograph the famous and to get good backgrounds for fashion portraiture.

It led them to being asked to photograph Princess Alexandra for her most recent official pictures.

Yet Archie and Una Marie have been working as professional photographers for only three years.

"We have had lucky breaks," they say modestly.

The most recent is photographing Yves Saint-Laurent on the eve of opening his new salon in Paris.

Una Marie was working on a glossy magazine "The Queen" with Antony Arm-

strong-Jones when her husband, an underwriter at Lloyd's, left "the City" and took the plunge with his camera.

"He so loved photography I decided to give up writing and work with him," said Una Marie (she had made her name with children's stories and as a journalist).

From
ANNE MATHESON,
in London

"Archie taught me all I know about photography."

But Una Marie had been tutored before that by Tony Armstrong-Jones on their many social assignments together. "He is a wizard with a camera," said Mrs. Parker.

When the Parkers started off as professional photographers their many friends rallied around.

Among them was top model Barbara Goalen. "She's fabulous," they said. "She has an air about her you can't mistake."

... Annigoni. "He sketched us as we photographed him."

Somerset Maugham: "We met at a wonderful London party and when he asked us to take pictures of him in the South of France we packed and went."

They have the most mobile of photographic equipment, packed neatly into a van which they leave outside their house between journeys. "But we don't sleep in it," said Una Marie. "I like my comfort too much for camping."

"Two thousand miles to take one photograph is nothing for us," said the lean, sensitive-looking 30-year-old Archie. "Una Marie can organise the whole shooting box in less than no time."

Dark-eyed Una Marie doubles as a model when they are photographing fashions.

And she runs her elegant house in fashionable Trevor Square and looks after their two adorable children, Diane, 8, and Philip, 6.

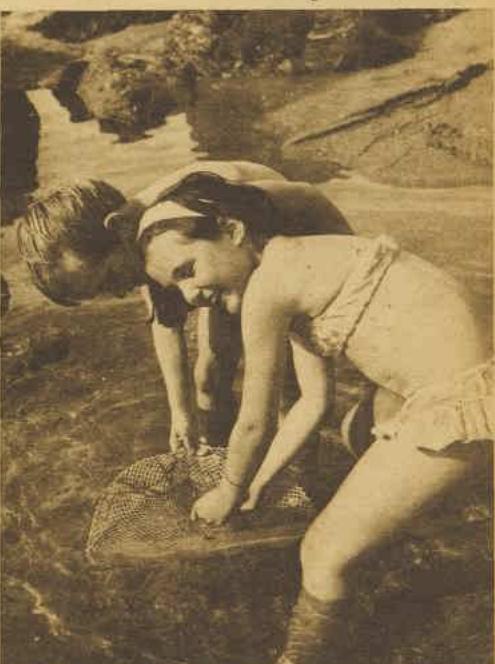
Diane simply loves cameras and flourishes in the dark-room," said her mother.

When the Parkers have time they throw a party—or an exhibition.

As party-givers they are quite exceptional. Everyone



● Archie and Una Marie Parker. They took Princess Alexandra's portrait.



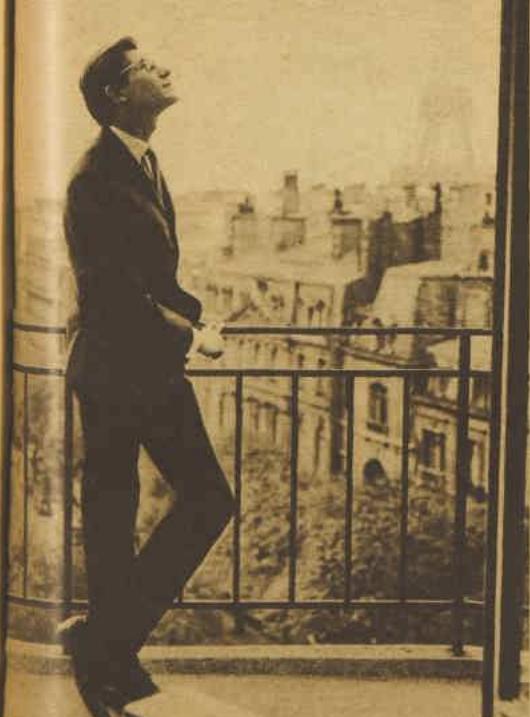
● Their children, Philip and Diane (who takes pictures of her school friends and sells them at 7/6 a print for pocket-money).



● This is their portrait of Annigoni, who painted the Queen. He opened the Parkers' recent successful exhibition in London.



● Somerset Maugham, the novelist. The Parkers met him at a party, and went to the South of France to take this portrait.



● The Parkers photographed Yves Saint-Laurent, the young couturier, outside his apartment above the roofs of Paris.

Babies of the year



MELISSA TRINA ANNE GALT, born in Hollywood on October 5, and her mother, film star Anne Baxter. Her father is Randolph Galt, an American with properties in W.A. and N.S.W. With Katrina, Anne's 10-year-old daughter by her first marriage, they're back in Australia.



ANDREW DEAN FRASER and his mother. Born in Melbourne on Nov. 15, Andrew is first child of tennis star Neale Fraser.



DEBORAH LYNN HENRICKS, born in U.S.A., Aug. 25. Dad is swimmer Jon Henricks.



JOHN CLARK GABLE and mother. He was born on March 22 in the Hollywood Hospital where his actor father, Clark Gable, died few months earlier.



KRISTEN LEANNE O'NEILL, born in Sydney, May 31. Her father is Test star Norm O'Neill.



DELEECHE JANE MACKAY and her mother. Deleece, who was born in Brisbane on May 28, is third daughter of Ken ("Slasher") Mackay, Australian Test cricketer.

IN millions of homes throughout the world, a 1961 addition to the household has been, to his or her family, THE baby of the year. On these pages are some of the babies whose births during the year have not only been great events for their parents but have also made headlines.



DAVID ALBERT CHARLES, VISCOUNT LINLEY, who was born on November 3 at Clarence House, the Queen Mother's official residence, is the first child of Princess Margaret and the Earl of Snowdon (former society photographer Tony Armstrong-Jones). These pictures (left and above) show them leaving the Queen Mother when taking their son home for the first time to Kensington Palace.



SHAUNAUGHNE HENRIETTA COLTHURST, born in England on April 30, and her mother, the eldest daughter of Lord De L'Isle, Australia's Governor-General.

NATHANIEL PATRICK CROSBY, born in Los Angeles on Oct. 29, and his mother. The baby, whose father is Bing Crosby, has a brother, 3; sister, 2.



Do you really understand him?

step to attraction, and other qualities play their part later. It is a synthesis of agreeable qualities that draws a man to one woman.

Men are not, as women sometimes believe, by nature polygamous.

They can desire a number of women at the same time, but wanting to take them to wife is by no means an inevitable concomitant.

Harem are for the leisurely. Most men, struggling to keep pace with the ever-increasing rush of Western civilisation, are more than satisfied with one permanent wife, though thousands of unnecessary divorces and much bitterness between the sexes are based on the fear that such is not the case.

Mother teaches him to be a man

Indeed, misconceptions are rife. And not surprisingly. Feminine attitudes towards men, running the gamut from idolatry (rare) to disgust (which, psychologists say, is fairly common) are handed down from generation to generation, mother to daughter, shrouded in ambiguity, prejudice, and doubt.

Ironically, a lot that woman misunderstands in man stems from her own doings.

For manliness, like femininity, gains much of its character from social conditions—and it is through woman, in the beginning, that society contrives to turn the boy-child she has produced into a man.

"Be a man," she implores when he can barely toddle. And, she adds, dabbing his grazed knee with her frilly handkerchief: "A man doesn't cry!"

The indoctrination of her young son is thorough. A man doesn't look at himself in the mirror; a man doesn't need someone to hold his hand; a man doesn't ask to be fussed and cuddled . . . A man's apprenticeship for life involves forsaking the gentler ways of his womenfolk, venturing into rough games, discovering the thrill of violence and the communion of giving and taking blows.

Even in infancy, his sex has given unconscious pleasure, and conscious male pride starts early.

Already he is rejecting passive feelings; man the doer, the builder and the destroyer, is budding. Already he is developing the "stiff upper lip" of emotional inflexibility.

One expert on the sexes compares the emotional mechanics of men and women to suspension systems on cars.

Women, he says, have soft, resilient springs which are sensitive to the small bumps of life, but which cushion them over the big ones.

Men have rigid springs: an emotional system which carries them steadily over minor bumps, but which is prone to crack at more serious jolts.

At such times the steepest of men need a shoulder to turn to, and only with a woman can a man find relief from his tensions without losing face with his fellow-men.

Thus, while many a wife longs to see more of her husband's greatness, all too often she is landed with a spent carcass that has burnt out its liveliness and confidence at work, and will be off again as soon as these qualities are regained.

Even a boy saves his tears for his mother. But, among friends, he contrives to laugh at his fears.

For your son or your neighbor's son a secret motor-bike ride at 100 m.p.h. or some other hare-brained act of daredevilry is mostly a test of his willpower over the fear of his own insufficiency.

Youths hide their lack of self-confidence in a gang.

Among the group an adolescent can work off his inhibitions in games and rough-housing, indulge his fantasy in boastful stories, or conceal his embarrassment by taunting girls," an expert on youth welfare told me.

This sense of pack security stays with the male for life.

Grown men take naturally to regimentation and seek it voluntarily when it isn't enforced. Clubs, reunions, and the sameness of clothes tell the tale of man's urge to belong to the clan.

In the anonymity of the group—a man among men—he loses his fear. A soldier in a squad or among a truckful of his mates will wolf-whistle and shout at a girl he'd pass without a peep if he were on his own. Alone he becomes afraid of his instincts again.

Civilised man's "constant struggle with primitive man" begins in earnest at puberty, at the awakening of a boy's first true sexual desires.

Even in a boy of 14 the attractions of a woman, especially a maturely attractive one, can be extremely disconcerting.

Since he must live with his discomfort for many years before his seniors will recognise it officially, there can be little wonder that the adolescent, shut up with his socially subversive thoughts and desires, tends to develop a sickly, unhappy air.

A scarecrow in a sloppy sweater

Coinciding with a time when preparation for his career is also imposing stress, this stage of his life calls for immense understanding and consideration from adults of both sexes.

In other aspects of his life he is already a specialist at concise thinking, showing the masculine devotion to simplification and broad outlines which will lend themselves, later, to building and planning.

To your endless consternation he eschews the decorative in favor of the functional.

A scarecrow in sloppy sweaters and muddy boots greets your guests. His room is carelessly littered with books and papers—a woman's nightmare.

But, to the growing man, his system is orderly. He has the tools of his occupation within easy reach. He is not concerned with appearance, only with the shape of his pro-

ject. At 16, your son is a confirmed bachelor.

"Marry? Are you kidding? And have grey hairs like dad?"

Economic independence is his supreme objective and he has no intention of jeopardising it by dallying too deeply with some girl.

At 20, he has both gained and yielded ground. "In a year or two I shall be established and earning a good income—then I can begin to think about marriage," he says.

He thinks feelings are dangerous

A girl grows up to expect the revelation of love: a young man stalks it warily, an eye on its dangers as well as its desirability. A chap who allows his judgment to be taken in charge by his emotions deserves all he gets!

Where duty forces him into close proximity with strong feelings—in churches, court-rooms, battleships, and even business—a man constructs an intricate barrier of ritual and regulations to hold emotion at bay.

He will go to woman at his peril, for as Florida Scott-Maxwell, the American-born psychologist, has written, "She can soften him, she can expose him to his passions, to his childishness, and all that is most primitive in him."

Nevertheless, he'll go—sooner or later.

In the words of the old song, man must have his mate.

Men don't understand women, but it's rare to hear it admitted that women have anything to learn about men. Men have always regarded their wives as something of a mystery; a woman normally talks of her husband as though he's an open book.

But is he? The chances are he is more of a stranger than she thinks.

Generalisations about either sex are bound to provoke some dissent, but there can be little argument about at least one aspect of the British male: he seldom wears his heart on his sleeve.

Mr. Average Man will talk about his plans, achievements, and ideas until the cows come home—but his emotions are another matter. He is almighty wary even of admitting to owning such things.

Let me hand you the master-key to the man in your life. It is the fact that he pins his faith on thought rather than feeling. He grows up with the belief that feeling weakens him. Feeling is a hindrance in the day-to-day fight for survival. Feeling is for women—and men who are not quite men. But thought is different. Thought builds him up. In planning and doing he displays his manhood.

True (he will allow) that when men have felt compelled to employ thought in a conscious search for feeling they have produced great works of art. But then emotions have also made genius look pretty ridiculous at times.

Look at Napoleon, reduced, at the age of 40, to such a state by his feelings that he

couldn't hold a pen steady and had to have his love-letters written by his secretary.

Make no mistake, this is a terrible warning to a man. Indeed, so deep is his fear of being thrown open to ridicule and danger by his feelings that many a husband is quite unable to voice the small compliments and endearments his wife longs to hear, though inwardly he is bursting with fond admiration.

Yes, when the situation becomes "emotional" your man is on thin ice. He is against endlessly "having things out" just as he is against endlessly displaying his love "in little ways."

"I know you love me, but I want to hear you say so," provokes a snort of derision and a charge of illogicality from a male who has slogged at an irksome job all day to give his wife the standard of living he considers her due.

He takes it for granted she loves him—why can't she take it for granted that he loves her?

The two most difficult phrases a man can bring himself to say are "I love you" (because it constitutes the ultimate admission of feeling) and "I am wrong" (because it is the rejection of a thought).

No wonder women are suspicious

Not without some justification, the furtive way we men handle our emotions opens us to suspicion among women who, unlike their male partners, generally take an unfavorable view of silence. This distrust has not altered much in recent times.

In 1818 the "Lady's Magazine" published the classic maxim: "Such is the depravity of human nature that, in certain situations, even the purest of men are scarcely to be trusted."

Mothers still offer their daughters much the same advice.

Many genuinely regard a man's interest in love as being "merely physical."

Actually, we men are less "depraved" than they think. Neither civilised men nor savages are fundamentally satisfied by "love" other than in the full context of courtship, companionship, and parental responsibility.

A woman who offers a man love in any narrower sense may fulfil for him a temporary desire, but because she denies him the full relationship he instinctively needs he remains mentally hungry and profoundly dissatisfied.

By contrast, the woman who does provide this full relationship ties him to her with a bond no other person can break.

This is not to say that he won't be capable of desiring other women, but if he does his desire won't diminish the affection he feels for his permanent mate.

All the marriage experts I have talked to agree that women tend to be too afraid of unfaithfulness on the part of their husbands. They do themselves an injustice. And they underrate the natural power of marriage.

is equally careful not to be too content.

She is ready to make room for new intellectual or career conquests on her husband's part (even those which involve a gamble); and, above all, she concedes him a measure of independence.

I don't know how many brides still find satisfaction in ceasing to be "I" and in becoming the married "We" with a vengeance, but there certainly used to be those who saw the ideal marriage as the submergence of individuality in a sort of duo—a manufactured "whole" that pre-supposed the mutilation of the original parts.

No man honestly wants to be a "We." Wives who insist either drive their husbands from home or reduce them to something less than their former selves.

NEXT WEEK'S INSTALMENT

• What turns a loving husband into a nagger.

• The reasons for a man's black moods.

• Why women often prefer older men.



This Christmas give and serve...

mcWILLIAM'S WINES



From the first sip of McWilliam's Cream Sherry you will recognise the smoothest cream sherry you have ever tasted. Here is a truly different sherry—rich, mellow and with a delightfully smooth body. Buy McWilliam's Cream Sherry and join the thousands of people who enjoy Australia's most popular Cream Sherry.

McWilliam's Vintage 99 Port—for entertaining . . . for dessert . . . with cake and nuts . . . as a fitting climax to a perfect meal. Generous, mellow and rich with a flavour only age can give, McWilliam's Vintage 99 Port is perfect any time. When you wish your friends the best, give the best . . . McWilliam's.

At ninety-seven Dr. Mannix has no TV nerves

Confronted with the first TV interview of his life, Dr. Daniel Joseph Mannix, 97-year-old Roman Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, took it with the ease of a veteran.

"YOUR GRACE would make a good film star," a cameraman told him. "You are so patient."

The interview, shown in Melbourne on December 20 in the A.B.C. programme "People," will probably be shown soon in other States.

Conducted by well-known Melbourne TV interviewer Gerald Lyons, the interview was filmed at "Raheen," the Archbishop's residence in the Melbourne suburb of Kew.

For more than three hours Dr. Mannix's oak-panelled study at "Raheen" became the centre of the sort of hectic activity associated with a television production.

The room was crowded with technicians, cameras, and lights.

Archbishop Mannix was seated comfortably in his well-used armchair by the book-laden table where he always works, apparently quite undisturbed by all the bustle.

The Archbishop's only other TV appearance had been on a news programme last year to mark the 70th anniversary of his ordination as a priest.

The interview covered Dr. Mannix's life, his very early days on his parents' dairy farm in County Cork, Ireland, his schooldays, his entry into the priesthood, his part in the fight for Irish independence, his arrest by the British when he was visiting Ireland in 1920.

He talks about his arrival in Australia in 1913, his stand against conscription during World War I, and the part he has played in the political life of Australia.

Humorous side

He seemed completely untroubled by "camera nerves" and lightened his answers with humorous comments.

The Archbishop sat facing the huge marble bust of Daniel O'Connell, the famous Irish patriot, which dominates the study. Near it was a framed painting of Dr. Mannix's shamrock-green coat-of-arms, which bears a helmet, a golden dragon, and a hand holding a cross. Paintings, mostly religious, hung on the walls.

Apart from asking Gerald Lyons to speak more loudly than usual so that he could hear the questions clearly, Archbishop Mannix appeared



ARCHBISHOP MANNIX talks to TV interviewer Gerald Lyons. The camera team worked in his study for three hours.

to experience no difficulties during the interview. Between "takes" he sat patiently.

Gerald Lyons, just recovering from a cold, had to muffle coughs from time to time. "I never get colds," the Archbishop said. "Well, scarcely ever. I'm a very hardy Irishman, apparently."

In spite of his years, Archbishop Mannix still actively runs his diocese of about one million Catholics. Each day he is fully occupied with interviews. In the evenings he relaxes and greatly enjoys television, watching an occasional

been with Archbishop Mannix constantly. Her sister helps.

Enormous old "Raheen," set in beautiful gardens, has been the Archbishop's residence since 1917. It previously belonged to Sir Henry Wrixon.

The huge dining-room, with its long table and dark green leather-crested chairs, high painted and panelled ceiling, has never been redecorated, Miss Virgona says, since Archbishop Mannix moved in.

Great dinners

The lounge, library (once the ballroom), and magnificent entrance hall have walls covered with paintings.

Most of these and hundreds of china ornaments were gifts. "Sometimes I wonder if we can fit anything else in here," Miss Virgona said.

Once "Raheen" was the setting for large formal dinner parties, and one of the main events of Miss Virgona's working year was the big December dinner.

"The dinners ceased a couple of years ago," she said, "and since then we have lived very quietly."

"His Grace is very easy to look after. When I first came there was a set menu for each day of the week, but I thought it was very dull for His Grace to know what he was getting every day. So I tried him out with this and that, sometimes even some Italian food, and he never said a word."

"He has a good breakfast, then nothing till lunchtime, when he has in his study a glass of milk, perhaps with a beaten-up egg, and fruit on a tray."

"Then for dinner he has four courses—a fruit cocktail, soup, the main course, and a sweet. But he doesn't have very big helpings of anything."

In the study the television filming was still going on. Under the hot lights the Archbishop was recording some of the highlights of almost a century of living for present-day TV audiences and also for posterity, for, as Gerald Lyons said, "This is one for the archives."

By MARGARET BERKELEY

Western and more serious programmes.

Since an illness a few months ago he has had to take things more easily and spends most of his time in his bedroom of his study.

When the Channel 2 crew descended on "Raheen" I asked Miss Jean Virgona, Dr. Mannix's housekeeper, if it would disorganise her day.

"No, I don't think so," she said at first, but two hours later she admitted that it had. She had a tea-trolley laden with cups and saucers and plates of biscuits and cakes ready to serve at breaks.

Every time the filming stopped she put on the kettle to make tea—but before it was ready she was told they had started filming again.

Miss Virgona first went to "Raheen" as a temporary housekeeper in 1944 from her home at East Malvern, Vic. Born in Australia of Italian parents, she had been at home with her brother Vin and sister Lena looking after their invalid mother.

"When my mother died I was asked to look after His Grace because his former housekeeper had left," she said.

Until 1950 Miss Virgona intermittently acted as housekeeper, but since then she has

FATHER



"I see the wildlife is migrating to the country for the summer."

MOTHER



"That's what I got... Now I'll tell you what I wanted."

It seems to me

JUDGING by the number I have received, the funny Christmas card has come into its own this year.

Some of them are very amusing. They are nice to receive, but harder to choose than the other kind.

I heard two thirty-fiveish women discussing the choice of them at a card counter last week.

"This won't do," one was saying with that hysterical edge common among late shoppers. "These happy jokes about not quarrelling at Christmas. All the couples I know do quarrel."

"Surely not all," said her calmer companion. "Look, here's another kind."

"Yes, but I don't know about the bottles on it," said the excitable one. "I'd be sure to forget and post it to the Robinsons and they are so anti-drink."

"Come," said the calmer companion. "We'll find some reindeers and roses."

By



Dorothy Draper

THE fact that informed Senate votes in New South Wales totalled to per cent. wasn't surprising

Filling in those figures to 25 was quite a clerical task.

What a refreshing contrast was provided by the recent referendum held in Wingham, N.S.W., to decide whether to cut down a patch of scrub that harbored flying-foxes.

The vote (by two to one) favored keeping the scrub.

Now there's an example of democracy that everyone can understand. It is a pity that its application to big populations and big issues has become so unwieldy. But, at its worst, it's still a better system than any other one offering.

AMONG the remarkable gift ideas advertised in an American magazine is a cat's claw-scratching post.

It is a 17in.-high post covered in carpet and set on a wooden base. You keep it in the drawing-room, the ad. explains, thus preventing the cat from scratching the legs of the best furniture.

Absurd as that may sound, I suppose there are some people who would like it. That's the trouble with Christmas shopping. Never enough time to think.

Impatient with objects of limited use, I mostly cast scornful glances right and left in "novelty" departments.

And yet I have to admit that I am sometimes much attracted by trivial objects.

A while back, when buying some of the one-and-sixpenny ballpoint pens which I use up or lose at the rate of a couple a month, I bought a purple one. This purple pen pleased me so much that last week I went back to the shop to buy some more. There were none left.

Evidently purple pens are popular. For writing purple patches, I suppose.

ONE novel gift that appealed to me at first was mentioned by a columnist writing from London. It is a wooden clothes-peg marked "Not Very Important."

You use it for clipping papers together on your desk.

But on second thoughts it won't do. The joke is likely to fall flat if a caller notices that you have extracted the paper concerning him from a batch labelled unimportant.

This is a problem faced by many desk-workers, the sorting of the important from the unimportant. I used to have among the many folders on my office desk one marked "Junk." (A fashion writer I once knew had a batch of pictures marked "Absolutely desperate.")

The "Junk" label worried me. The folder is now called "General."

ONE good reason for preferring democracy: At the Tass News Agency in New York, Mrs. Helene Vassiliev, a teletype operator, leads the staff in exercise to music every morning.

Mrs. Vassiliev, newly arrived from Russia, told the staff that these keep-fit exercises were all the rage in Moscow offices.

I suppose you'd have to fall into line. She might be a member of the O.G.P.U.

ACCORDING to a story from New York, the "man in the grey flannel suit," the organisation man, who conformed with everyone else, is out of fashion. Business firms are now looking for unorthodox types who have minds of their own and show it by their dressing, their opinions, and their lack of resemblance to "Yes-men."

Now there's a thought for nineteen sixty-two;

You don't need to conform. Just be yourself.

Perhaps not quite, the plain essential you. May be the fellow destined for the shelf. Those chaps that used to wear their sober grey

And think alike so cautiously are don't. Now hailed with pleasure is the glorious day

When individuality has won.

Or that's the story that they tell, those men.

Who figure how you best can hold your job.

But if your colleagues follow suit, well then,

How can you be distinguished from the mob?

EVEN if you think the ball and the decision were way out, be kind to the tennis umpires at next week's Davis Cup Challenge between Australia and Italy at Kooyong, Victoria.

They're dedicated, hard-working men with years of tennis experience behind them.

"They have to be to make Davis Cup selection," says Mr. Jack Cullen, who has been secretary of the Victorian Lawn Tennis Umpires' Association for 11 years and secretary of the Australian Lawn Tennis Umpires' Association for the past four years.

Would-be Davis Cup umpires, says Mr. Cullen, have to attend four weekly lectures, usually held in March or April, at which senior Davis Cup umpires explain the rules. Then there's a written examination.

"They must have good eyesight," Mr. Cullen says, "but there's no special test for this."

"We soon find out if their eyesight isn't good when they start umpiring."

"They spend three months working in minor tournaments, and then usually several years of constant work in major tournaments before they can be chosen for the Davis Cup umpires' squad."

Umpires work all the year round, and sometimes when night professional matches are in domestic difficulties intrude on the job.

During the last professional series here umpires were often forced to ring their wives at midnight with the excuse (valid): "I'm still umpiring, dear."

As Melbourne is host city this year, 28 umpires for the Davis Cup will be Victorians, with two umpires each from Western Australia, South Australia, Queensland, and New South Wales.

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SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT



SMILES from Lieutenant Terry Jones, R.A.N., and his radiant bride, formerly Miss Carol Kelly, at the reception at the Carlton-Rex Hotel, after their naval wedding at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point. The bride, who is the daughter of Mrs. Carleton Kelly, of Rose Bay, and the late Mr. Kelly, was attended by Misses Lynn Rainbow, Jill Kinsella, and Judy Lee Solomon. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. H. Jones, of Darling Point, and the late Dr. Jones. Lieutenant Jerry Lattin was best man and Lieutenant Leslie Irwin and Lieutenant Clem Littleton were groomsmen at the ceremony. After their honeymoon the young couple will make their home in a flat at Rose Bay.



YOUTHFUL Marina Listwan claimed a strawberry from her mother's champagne cocktail, while her father, Dr. I. A. Listwan, chatted with Dr. and Mrs. Robert Melville (couple on the right) at the gay Christmas cocktail party given by Dr. and Mrs. Listwan at their home at Point Piper.



DARK-HAIRED Miss Julianne O'Neill with Miss Deidre Burke (at left), Mr. John Kevin, and Mr. Edmund Bateman (on the right), who were among guests at the dance in Miss O'Neill's honor, given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. J. O'Neill, at their home at Cremorne.

FRENCH poodle Lilybelle was the centre of attraction at the delightful Christmas party given by her owner, Countess D'Espinay (on the right), at her home at Darling Point. With the hostess are Mr. Paul Huege and Mrs. Rex Money.



JUST WED. Mr. Gregory Kater and his bride, formerly Miss Anne Herron, leaving St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, with the bridesmaids. From left, Misses Sarah Herron, Jennifer Saxton, Sally Martin, Elizabeth Moore, and Penny Kater. A reception given by the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Herron, of Vaucluse, at the Royal Sydney Golf Club followed the ceremony. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Kater, Bellevue Hill.

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GAILY decked Christmas tree in the hall of their home at Darling Point added to the festive air at the cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. Michael Jones, chatting with Mrs. Graham Ipkendenz (centre), who was among guests at the party.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 27, 1961

By Mary Coles

JUST home after a whirlwind fortnight's flying visit to London, Mrs. Wilfred Evans, of Woolahra, has brought news of the engagement of her pretty dark-haired daughter, Margaret, to English lawyer Richard Hibbert.

After their marriage, which will probably be late in January, they'll live at "King's Lodge," a Charles I hunting lodge at Huntonbridge, King's Langley, about twenty miles from London.

Margaret, who is spending Christmas with her fiance's parents, Brigadier and Mrs. D. Hibbert, of Haverthwaite, Ulverston, in Lancashire, went abroad earlier this year just after graduating in Law.

She met her fiance in London some months later when she was doing a job with a law firm in Lincoln's Inn.

THREE former Sydney belles are in town this week from Adelaide for the wedding of youthful South Australians Jann Gregerson and Antony Romilly Harry. They're the bride's mother, who was Sheila Campbell before her marriage to the late Dr. Gerald Gregerson; Antony's mother, Mrs. Norman Burston, formerly Margaret Burley, the daughter of Mrs. Fred Burley and the late Mr. Burley, and Mrs. Harold McGregor, who was Suzanne Scamps. Her daughter, Ellen McGregor, and Jann's cousin, Deidre Campbell, of "Cambalang," Bombala, will be bridesmaids at the ceremony, which will be at St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, followed by a reception at the Queen's Club.

IT'S more than a certainty that Sir Charles Moses will look the fittest man in town after the festive season. With Lady Moses he'll be among guests in Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Albright's Christmas house party at their Hawkesbury River retreat at Cottage Point. And, as an ace axeman, he'll spend most of his time there revelling in his favorite hobby—felling trees! "We expect Sir Charles will chop enough wood to last us throughout the winter," Mrs. Albright confides. Others in the house party will include Mr. and Mrs. Mark Hopkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Martinez, and Mrs. David Craig, who is revisiting Sydney after four years in London. The Albrights' holiday house is a fascinating old place, built round a 60ft. rock.

CHIC old-gold delustered satin cocktail frock worn with a platter hat of magnolia roses has been chosen by June Hunter for her wedding to Grant Curtiss on December 29. It's to be a strictly family affair ceremony at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse, and afterwards June's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Hugh Hunter, of Rose Bay, will entertain at a dinner party at the Astra Hotel. The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Elliston Curtiss, of Double Bay, and the late Mr. Curtiss.

ARCHITECT Cyril Roberts is flying home to New Zealand for Christmas and taking his fiancee, Dell McKerihan, with him to introduce her to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alwyn Roberts, of Napier. Later they'll see the New Year in as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cole at their famous home, "Moose Lodge," on Lake Rotoiti, near Rotorua. (The Queen and Prince Philip were entertained at "Moose Lodge" during their 1954 tour of New Zealand.) On their return to Sydney, Dell, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. McKerihan, will begin a whirl of trousseau shopping. She and Cyril are being married at Rose Bay Presbyterian Church on March 1, with a honeymoon in Honolulu to follow.

WHEN they return from their honeymoon in Queensland, David Landa and his bride, formerly Valerie Levitt, will be on the search for Victorian-era lacy ironwork to bring the house they've bought in Epping Road, Double Bay, up to date with an "old air."

LORD ANGUS MONTAGU and his Melbourne bride, formerly Mary McClure, have taken a flat in Edgecliff Road.



JUST ENGAGED. Duntroon cadet Corporal Laurence Towers and his fiancee, Miss Phillipa Gillespie, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Gillespie, of Canberra. Corporal Towers is the son of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Towers, of Moorland. Miss Gillespie leaves shortly for a trip abroad.



• A scene from "Too Many Cooks." There were 32 in the cast.

Parkes had fun with its revue

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD, staff reporter

• Everyone was in the act when the amateur Musical and Dramatic Society of Parkes, in mid-western New South Wales, gave its annual Christmas revue.

CALLED "Too Many Cooks," the revue—written by a local clergyman, the Rev. Rex Jones, Pat Milthorpe, the French teacher at the High School, and housewife-mother Zillah Grinter—had 32 actors and 32 stars.

The audience was in it, too—laughing at itself. And even if some of the near-to-the-bone digs hurt a bit, a little drama and a good laugh helped ease the tension of the wheat harvest.

The Parkes "M. & D.", as the local folk call it, is typical of the theatrical groups that are thriving in many Australian country towns.

It makes about £1000 profit from its five productions each year. The treasurer, Kay McLachlan (who is also a physiotherapist at the hospital and the wife of a local policeman), puts this down to three things:

- Careful choice of plays ensures that the shows are packed to the 220 capacity each night of a three-night season.
- The M. & D. owns the theatre, so there are no hall-hiring charges.

Completed four years ago, the neat brick building was built mostly by voluntary labor. The municipal council donated the land in the community centre, so a loan of only £1000 was needed. The M. & D. paid it back within two years.

- Other expenses are very light. Props, for instance, needn't be bought. They're donated or lent.

Time and talent are willingly lent, too.

Don McAlpine, a physical education teacher at the High School, does the lighting for the shows; his wife plays the

piano for them; and her father plays the trumpet.

Lorraine Soeder, art teacher at the High School, paints the backdrops. Pat Mitchell, an expert dressmaker, is wardrobe mistress.

The actors are a Parkes cross-section. Radio announcer Barton Price was the lead singer in the Christmas revue.

Merv Grant, a butcher, father of five children, played the comedy roles. Stan Kingham, a young farmer, effectively took on the dramatic and romantic bits.

"Bit of a rush tonight?" said Stan on the opening night. "I've been harvesting since six this morning. Didn't finish till sundown."

There had been six weeks of nightly rehearsals for the show.

It was three hours long, and, as there were more roles than actors, it was quite normal for a Russian Ballet dancer—that all-male corps de ballet in "Swan Lake" brought the house down—to appear as a bushwhacker in the next scene.

Back stage all was chaotically efficient. With no real dressing-rooms and a cast of 32 wrestling with as many as



• Dancing teacher Marjorie Walker had her act, and was choreographer.



• High-school teacher Pat Milthorpe adjusts the Rev. Rex Jones' wig. Both helped write the show, and also acted in it.



• The group owns this hall. Now they plan to add dressing-rooms and double the audience capacity, bringing it to 400.



SHOW BUSINESS

AT HOME. From left, Dawn (holding Ricki, their Sydney silkie), Suzette, their toy French poodle, Bobby, and daughter Debbie, 6.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE LIMBS

• Christmas comes three times this year to TV's husband-and-wife team, Bobby Limb and Dawn Lake. The first one started weeks before when the tree was trimmed and daughter Debbie entertained at the swimming-pool at their home at Killara, N.S.W. The Limbs will be at Surfers' Paradise, Qld., for December 25, and they'll have a third Christmas later with their respective fathers at Swan Reach, S.A. Adding glitter to their celebrations is the rating of their show — the highest a local live TV show has yet attained.

- Christmas comes but once a year with its mad rush of buying, parties, presents, and fun mixed up with the ordinary work that has to go on regardless.

ALWAYS wish the good things of the season could be spread out a bit more, a treat a week sort of thing, and this year I feel the same about Christmas TV programmes. There are so many good things to see that it is going to be hard to fit them all in.

They range through traditional carols, religious celebrations, the Queen's message, and pantomimes. They are capped off on Christmas Day at 8.30 p.m. with the Royal Ballet Company dancing an 8-minute TV adaptation of *Cinderella*.

The ballet was created specially for Margot Fonteyn, who dances the name role in Channel 2's telecast with Michael Somes as Prince Charming.

Channel 9's programmes open on Christmas Day at 4.5 p.m. with Christmas messages from Anglican Archbishop Gough and Roman Catholic Cardinal Gilroy.

Among the TV highlights of the day from Channel 9 is a brilliant N.B.C. special, "The Coming of Christ into His Ministry," which will be telecast at 5.30 p.m.

This is a programme of exceptional beauty and reverence. Jesus' life is shown through the paintings of the old masters, Rubens, Rembrandt, Massays, Jordaeus, and many others, using still-picture animation to uncanny effect, with the story told in the words of the Bible by a narrator.

"Amahl and the Night Visitors," Gian Carlo Menotti's famous Christmas opera, will be shown from Channel 9 at 6 p.m.

And the children are not forgotten. On Christmas Day at 5 p.m., when parents will

appreciate an hour of shush, the A.B.C. will show "Aladdin," a most colorful and beautifully produced pantomime.

I watched it in rehearsal and I'm looking forward to seeing it again at Christmas.

When I saw it in rehearsal, I had the script, which bore out my contention that television is really wonderful.

Simple side notes said to the Audio Department, "Harp and space music," and to the producer, "Wicked magician and genie shown riding through clouds and star, comets, etc., on magic carpet."

They do, too, without any of the fuss that goes on getting astronauts riding through space.

Channel 7, thinking of the kids, too, shows a film of

By
NAN
MUSGROVE

"Alice in Wonderland" at 6 p.m. on Christmas Day.

Boxing Day is given over to sport in a big way. Both Channel 9 and Channel 2 are doing the start of the Hobart Yacht Race and from lunchtime onwards all three channels will combine in a telecast direct from Melbourne of the Davis Cup matches.

★ ★ ★

I HAVE never seen finer television than "The Play Of Daniel," telecast recently from the crypt of St. Mary's Cathedral, Sydney.

The play, a musical drama, is said to be the world's first opera. It was written in 1225, transcribed by a Benedictine monk hundreds of years later, and was edited for modern

performance by American Noah Greenberg.

The play was presented by the Newman Association and the Guild of St. Pius X.

It is set in Babylon at the time of King Belshazzar. The writing on the wall, which the prophet Daniel deciphers, warns of the destruction that follows the arrival of Darius, leader of the Medes and Persians. Darius later condemns Daniel to death in the lions' den.

This is generally not the kind of TV that entrances me, but entranced I was.

Whether it was the beautiful setting of the crypt, the drama of the story ably narrated by James Condon (looking ascetic and medieval), the singing, the acting—I don't know. But it all blended into a notable production that would be splendid TV anywhere.

"Anzac" is disappointing

"ANZAC," a TV series in 26 half-hour episodes telling the story of Australian and New Zealand troops in World War II, recently began on Channel 7.

I find it both disappointing and confusing—disappointing because it seems to have no heart in it; no special quality of script or narration

that makes it typify the special qualities of the servicemen of World War II.

It is a high-class, glossy production. Its photography is excellent. It comes from the official films of the Australian War Museum in Canberra, and it is edited skillfully. But the final production is somehow superficial, empty.

Televiewers are rather blasé about films, official and unofficial, on World War II. There have been any number of them—"Victory At Sea," "The Valiant Years," "Time to Remember," "Air Power," "Twentieth Century," "Navy Log," "War in the Pacific"—but I don't think that anyone was completely without excitement about "Anzac."

Many Australians, servicemen and civilians, remember vividly some particular campaign or campaigns that involved them in killing the enemy, in anxiety, in grief, or in pride, and wanted a chance to share in it all again—in tranquillity, when time had helped them to see things more objectively and, perhaps, differently.

It is very hard to arrange to see any particular bit you are interested in, because there is no chronological sequence in the series. I find this both confusing and extremely difficult to understand.

"Anzac" started in what seemed its right place to me with the battle of Bardia, but the second episode, the capture of Lae, skipped close on three years, to September, 1943.

Like many other viewers I wondered about everything else that went on in the Middle East, in Greece, Crete, and Syria, in Malaya and Singapore.

But the next episode turned the clock back to the battle of El Alamein on October 23, 1942.

I can't see the point in this. I think this series, which everyone looked forward to and will watch whether it disappoints or not, is in danger of becoming a constant irritant because of its year-hopping.

★ ★ ★

"MEET THE PRESS" has its high spots now and then. One of them was certainly the interview with visiting film star Ron Randell and his dizzy blond wife, Laya Raki.

Laya, who is no child, acts like a very winning one. She



"THE VIRGIN AND THE CHILD," by Dieric Bouts, one of the paintings in Channel 9's Christmas show "The Coming of Christ into His Ministry."

had to be in everything. a bus talking about it. "I felt sorry for her," one said. "I bet she got the rounds of the kitchen when she got home."

I don't think she did. I think you would have to enjoy her kind of warm dizziness or you would chop her head off inside 24 hours. And Mr. Randell has been married to his Laya now for four years.

I'm happy to report first hand from someone who met them and observed them together closely that they're mad about each other.

FILM REVIEW AND GOSSIP

With MIRIAM FOWLER

★ THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

Lieutenant Jimmie Rodgers' Civil War is a personal one. As a folksy kid from the Kentucky hills, Jimmie is sponsored in pre-war Southern city society by lonely Chill Wills. Childless and rich, Wills considers Jimmie his son. But on the outbreak of war, Jimmie leaves his Confederate guardian, returns to the hills and a Union commission. Heavy handling and a clumsy climax reduce what could be a poignant drama to just another Blue and Grey skirmish—Esquire, Sydney.

In a word . . . SO-SO.

★ ★ ★

ESSEX Productions (president Frank Sinatra) has announced that James Stewart, Brigadier-General in the U.S. Air Force Reserve, will do the narration for "X-15," a suspense drama told against the background of America's famous pilot-controlled rocket plane. The United Artists release was filmed with the full co-operation of the U.S. Air Force, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, and the North American Aviation Co., Inc.

STEWART GRANGER'S name has been coupled with Italian socialite Donna Mia Acquarone, whom many thought would become the next Mrs. Granger, but the actor has no plans for remarriage at the moment. Granger's only domestic appointment in the near future is to spend the Christmas holidays with his first ex-wife, Elspeth March, and their two children, Jamie and daughter Lindsay.

JOHN WAYNE intends giving Frank Sinatra and his colleagues a run for their money—he is entering the recording field. Wayne's singing debut will be for Liberty Records—and his first song will be a ballad, "Walk With Him."

CURRENTLY making "Mutiny" with Sir Alec Guinness and Dirk Bogarde, Anthony Quayle has developed a taste for life at sea. The actor has ordered a 40ft. ketch, the Jenny Rose, to be built. Fitted with sails, diesel engine, and all modern conveniences, it's big enough to accommodate his family. At £12,000, he considers it cheap. Quayle, now "tired of just re-creating life on the stage," plans to spend more time living at sea.



CINDERELLA (Dame Margot Fonteyn) rides to the ball in the golden coach with the Fairy Godmother (Annette Page) by her side. This is a scene from the Channel 2 Christmas Day ballet version of the fairytale.



MAKE IT A PARTY THEY'LL REMEMBER

WITH **HOLBROOKS**



Crown your cakes with Holbrooks Cherries. They're plump and juicy . . . because they're soaked in lush maraschino syrup. (Try them in sherry—they're great!)

Serve new Planter's Cheezpop. It's crackling-crisp. Light. Salty. And loaded with real-cheese flavour. (Psst! Try the two new flavours: Chick-pop, Bac'npop.)

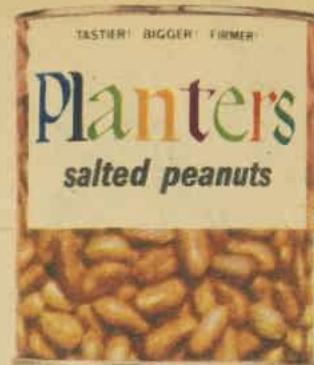
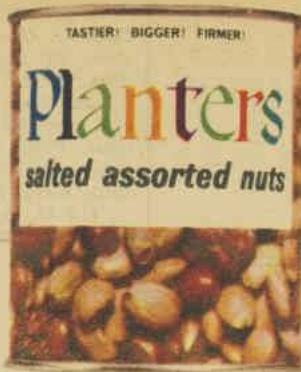
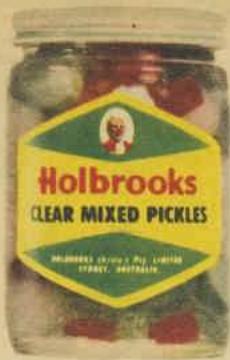
Try Holbrooks Gherkin Spread as a lip-smacking base for salt crackers . . . homey sandwiches . . . and En-aville rolls. Finest imported spices make it relishing-good.



Brighten your table with a bowl of happy, little Holbrooks Cocktail Onions. You've four cheery colours: yellow, green, red and white. Lots of sizes, too.

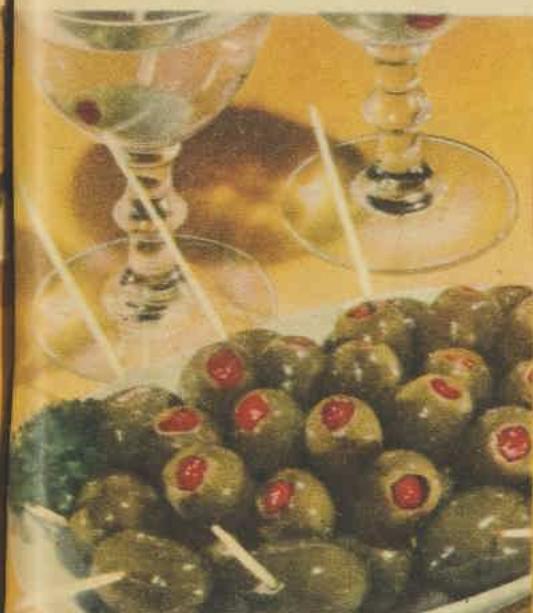
Make up hasty, tasty party sandwiches from spicy Holbrooks Clear Pickles. They're prime whole vegetable pieces—onions, gherkin and cauliflowers.

Put out a bowl of golden-hearted Planter's Cashews. So fresh, they shine! Bigger, firmer, too. Nutty idea: Sprinkle chopped cashews in all your salad dressings.



Shopping for them is half the fun. Make up a list today

AND Planters FUN FOODS!



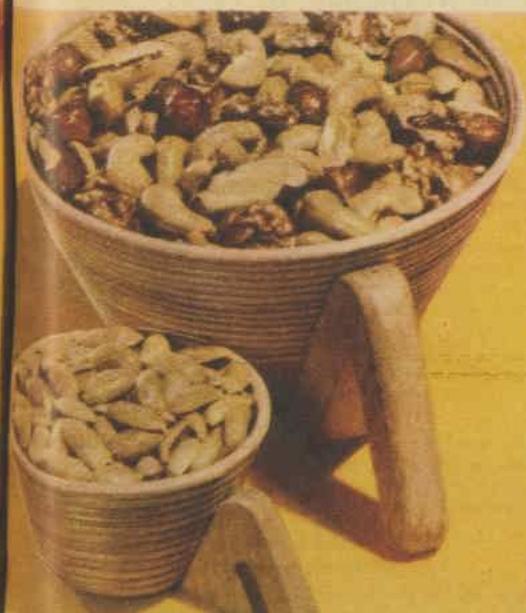
Finish drinks with a flourish—add a Holbrooks Olive! They're juicy, fresh-tasting, tender. Choose Spanish Bolero or lusty red-eyed. They're a treat either way.



Spear Planter's Slim Jane Pretzels into cocktail onions, cheese or gherkin. Their salty crispness makes a good drink perfect. Three snappy flavours.



New Planter's Mini-Pretzels do more for drinks than bubbles! They're bite-size savoury sticks brimful of salty flavour. Cheese, celery, standard flavours.



Heap Planter's peanuts and salted-assorted around your table. They're big, golden-good and full of fresh-nut flavour. Cellopacks or tins. Take your pick.



Garnish savouries, salads, sauces, sandwiches with tiny, tasty Holbrooks Capers. Their unique, zesty flavour gives extra zip, extra zing—a-ding—ding!



Give 'em gherkins! Sliced, halved, diced, chunked, grated, cubed, speared, chopped, etc. Who makes the biggest, fattest, spiciest, juiciest gherkins? Holbrooks!



DS468: One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. nylon tulle. Price 4/9. Pattern obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

DS471: One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/9. Pattern obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● These two dresses in flowery prints were chosen in response to many queries — from all age groups — for an informal party dress.

HERE are extracts from two typical letters and my replies:

“Could I have a pattern for a soft, pretty late-day style suitable for a woman in her late thirties? My fabric is floral sheer (6½yds.). I want the frock to have little sleeves and a wide, cool neckline.”

The dress I have chosen in answer to your query (see illustration above) incorporates the details you mention. I think the dress looks delightfully cool and pretty. I hope you agree. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Beside the illustration are details.

“I need a figure-flattering style to wear to informal parties at which dancing takes place. Could I obtain a pattern in size 34 for such a style?”

A party-pretty floral cotton or silk printed in varying shades of pink would be an attractive material choice. For the design (see above right) I suggest a one-piece with a two-piece look; there is casual figure flattery in the design, and it's pretty enough for any informal party. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

“Is it correct to store a fur coat in mothballs during the summer?”

It's much wiser to have your coat cleaned once a year and stored in summer by a furrier.

“Would a shirt and matching skirt be too casual for a woman of 50 to wear for informal occasions?”

No. Casual clothes are correct for women of all ages from teenagers to grandmothers. Older women wearing casuals must pay special attention to grooming and details—for instance, they should wear stockings (never socks), leather shoes with a medium heel (not flatters), and classic gloves. And they shouldn't neglect their hair. A neat, chic style goes well with weekend classics.

“What is the correct rainwear with a formal chiffon late-day frock?”

A pretty umbrella would be adequate if it is just coverage going to and from a party. Otherwise, I suggest you have a silk coat proofed against the weather.

“Is a printed cotton too casual for a summer dance-dress?”

The answer to this one depends on the print. A big splashy print can look very formal and pretty, as can a closely spaced flower motif. Stripes and checks are worn after dark, but to me they somehow never look quite glamorous enough on the dance floor.

“Would a very lightweight silk, almost like a chiffon, be suitable for late-afternoon wear in autumn?”

Yes, it would. Chiffon and chiffon-like fabrics are now approved as all-season fabrics for late day.

“My husband and I disagree about the correct clothes to wear to a formal evening wedding. Please advise us.”

Your husband should wear either white tie and tails or a dinner-jacket. A dinner-jacket is more often worn than tails. You will be correctly dressed in a short- or long-skirted evening-dress, and, of course, gloves. During the wedding ceremony it is customary for women guests to wear some type of head covering. A veil or flowery hat are both currently popular and correct.

“I love man-style classic shirts, but I have broad shoulders and am worried that a shirt might make me look masculine.”

Stop worrying! A broad-shouldered figure shows off a shirt much better than one with narrow shoulders. For extra measure, have your shirt or shirts made in a splashy, flowery print, and I guarantee no one will think you look masculine.

“Will I need a coat for a summer cruise? If so, what style would be best?”

In a ship it is always handy to have a lightweight coat. Breezes off the ocean can be quite cool, particularly at night. A collarless cardigan coat, a la Chanel, would be an excellent night-and-day resort coat. Have the coat made in a light-weight pastel wool bound in matching or contrast color. The bind would be best made in a heavy satin.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1961

NOW IT'S HATS OF HAIR

FOR girls who like hats but don't like spending a lot of money on them, actress Shirley Jones has come up with an attractively heady idea. Shirley, the star of the Warner Brothers musical "The Music Man," got together with her studio's top hairdresser, Merle Stoltz, and worked out an entire wardrobe of pretty "bonnets" by teaming artificial flowers with her hair.

These hair-hats look wonderful on Shirley, for her hair is as smooth as velvet and as shining as satin. She says, however, that any girl can have hair like hers by brushing it daily, washing it thoroughly and often, and, above all else, following a health diet.



HEALTHY HAIR is one of the essentials for "hair-hats." The hair must be shining, soft, and long enough to lend itself to a variety of hairdos. Movie star Shirley Jones, who invented the hair-hats, has just the hair to fit these requirements. Above: Shirley tries some of the artificial flowers with which she makes hats. Note the length of her hair. Left: With hair upswept to make hat base (compare below).



FRONT VIEW of the style which looks so pretty at the back in the picture above this one. This is the sort of hat and hairstyle Shirley prefers for dancing and party wear.



HAIR is pulled back and softened with bangs. The hair ends are piled up and doubled into a frill, in which the stem of a flower is inserted. The confection gets its frothy look from a swirl of veiling.



A FAVORITE with Shirley is this high pillbox. Her hair is parted in the middle, drawn down over her ears, and rounded into a circle, with massed small flowers on top.

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LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

The wrong track

IN Wellington, New Zealand, we have strange customs associated with trams. The sexes are segregated and smoking is not permitted in the female section. Men who dare to seat themselves in the women's end are hounded out with black looks—and careless women who sit in the male section are removed by bad language!

£1/1/- to "Kiwi Bird" (name supplied), Wellington, N.Z.

100-year-old curtains

RECENTLY I made short curtains from a pair of long lace curtains that I believe to be more than 100 years old. Originally they belonged to my mother-in-law's grandmother—and my mother-in-law is now 70. The lace is strong and beautiful. I feel certain these curtains will outlast any lace I could buy at the present time. Can anyone beat this?

£1/1/- to "Antique" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

Luscious lure

PAUSING before an attractively decorated stall in the local market, I ordered some of the luscious bananas and large oranges displayed. Imagine my surprise when I was served with inferior fruit from a case under the stand! Upon asking for some of the fruit on the stall, the shocked assistant said, "We do not serve from the display, madam." Can anyone tell me who gets the fruit "on display"?

£1/1/- to "Only-to-look-at" (name supplied), Clarence Gardens, S.A.

Doubting Thomases

IT'S a pity so many people distrust others. When only 15 years old I had a terrible experience with a suspicious lady for whom I worked. As I was new in her household, she tried her money-planting tricks on me. One day, after sweeping a carpet and finding 1/- deliberately hidden under a corner to tempt me, the cook told me how to teach her a lesson. I nailed the coin to the floor. I nearly lost my job when the lady found it, but she never played her money tricks on me again.

£1/1/- to "Over 70" (name supplied), Thornleigh, N.S.W.

Resourceful bachelor

ONE day, during a break in our recent wet spell, I found strange washing on my line—all men's clothes. It wasn't until lunchtime that I learnt who the owner was. A young, unmarried chap, who was working on the road in front of my place, couldn't get his washing hung at his boarding-house because all the lines were full—so he just brought his washing to work and hung it on my line.

£1/1/- to "Amazed" (name supplied), Pendle Hill, N.S.W.

Yule tidings

"CHERRY" (Qld.), who asks at what age children should be told the truth about Santa Claus and fairies, shouldn't worry too much about her nine-year-old son still being a believer. He'll grow out of his beliefs in time and will not be hurt in the process. Children should be allowed to hold on to their make-believe world for as long as possible.

£1/1/- to "Fairy Floss" (name supplied), Dingo, Qld.

AS poor as church mice during the depression and flanked by comfortable neighbors with children, we had to tell our three-year-old that the Mums and Dads bought the presents. He was satisfied and showed it with a knowing little smile when the neighbors' children told him what Santa had brought.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Twidale, Ipswich, Qld.

I WAS disgusted with "Cherry's" letter. A married woman with three children, I still believe in the spirit of Santa Claus. People believe there is a God, so why don't they believe in the spirit of St. Nicholas—who was so kind to children?

£1/1/- to "A Believer" (name supplied), Keilor, Vic.

JUST turned 11, my son still believes in all these things and has never questioned them. I don't think children discuss Santa Claus at school, only what they're getting for Christmas. Let them believe.

£1/1/- to "Peg Leg" (name supplied), Newcastle, N.S.W.

I BELIEVED in Father Christmas until two years ago—when the children at school told me he was not true and my mother said they were right. I enjoyed Christmas much more when I thought Santa brought my presents.

£1/1/- to "A 12-year-old" (name supplied), Woodville West, S.A.

Ross Campbell writes...

A BOILER or a roaster? That is the choice confronting many of us just now.

Chooks, like nearly everything else, come in two grades—the one you can perhaps afford and the one that costs a bit more.

Petrol is standard or super. Lawnmowers are standard or de-luxe. Some hairdressers offer utility perms and luxury perms. (I heard a sad story of a girl with a utility perm whose boy-friend ditched her for a girl with a luxury perm.)

The most snobbish distinction is in the names of bricks—common or face. How humble the poor common bricks must feel beside the snooty face bricks.

Looking at myself in the mirror I often compare myself to a brick and ask: "How are you today—common or face?" When I get out of bed I am always common. After a wash, shave, and brush-up I acquire a bit more face quality.

To return to fowls—on every poultry farm there are two classes, the boilers and the roasters. Only poultry farmers know the heart-burning that goes on behind the scenes.

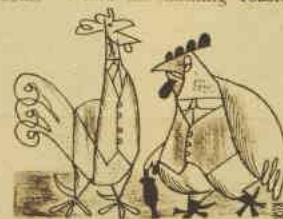
The roasters are young, slim,

PLAIN OR FANCY

athletic. They are the glamor chooks of the place and they know it.

They despise the homely boilers. They even look down on fat Cousin Cuthbert the capon, although he is worth more than any of them.

The boilers are older, more leathery, and disillusioned. They have put on weight and lost their looks. While the dashing roasters



have all the fun, the boilers get on with the dull day-to-day work that keeps a poultry farm going.

I know how they feel, because I am something of a boiler myself. People go through similar stages to fowls. I remember when I was an arrogant young roaster and thought

I knew everything, but that time is long past.

It is hard to say when a roaster turns into a boiler. The change is gradual.

Some say it starts when a roaster gets tired of chasing about at night and wants to settle down. Family responsibilities and money troubles help to transform a roaster to a boiler.

Sometimes ageing roasters try to stave off the day when they will be rated as boilers by dieting, massage, and other tricks. Mrs. McDill of our district is an example. But she doesn't deceive anybody; she is a boiler under the skin and a tough one at that.

There are certain compensations in boiler status. One is simply being alive. So many roasters are struck down in their prime.

With the passing years we old boilers acquire a certain shrewdness which the roasters, for all their good looks, commonly lack.

And quite often a well-treated boiler will give just as good results as a roaster. So to all diners, of whatever age-group, on all chooks, of whatever age-group, a Merry Christmas!

Christmas in Australia



It started with rum and plum pudding

● **Australians have always made the most of Christmas. Back in the beginning, even, when life was not so bright, Christmas was an occasion for rejoicing.**

MOST folk were on short commons in Sydney Town for the first 20 years or so.

The age of the grand seigneurs then set in. Men of wealth, women in the latest gowns from Paris gathered at Christmas, not for simple picnics but for splendid *fêtes champêtres* where they were regaled with dainties imported from many parts of the world.

The first Australian Christmas was celebrated as the First Fleet headed across the Bight to round Van Diemen's Land and drop anchor in Botany Bay.

The Fleet then was a floating ark. Most of the officers had sheep or poultry.

The more humble folk had rabbits. These, with the few cattle, were regarded in the main as breeding stock for the new land just over the horizon.

By WILLIAM JOY

Christmas, however, was a special occasion. Captain Walton killed a pig, another officer a sheep. They swopped meat by line between ship and ship.

Captain-Lieutenant Ralph Clark of the marines, still pining for his wife, recorded sourly that some of the marines got "much in liquor" on Christmas Day.

● "Christmas Festivity in New South Wales" — a woodcut from the "Illustrated Sydney News" 94 years ago. There's merrymaking in the robust old English style, and some of the men have been felled by the pies, puddings (holly-decked), and liquor. But it takes place in outdoor shade.

He was indignant, too, when convicts purloined a great deal of beef and the wood to cook it with.

The sergeants' mess was particularly jovial.

Sergeant James Scott recorded that he and his cronies dined on a piece of pork and apple sauce, a piece of beef, and plum pudding, and crowned the day with four bottles of rum.

Twenty-six days later, on January 20, 1788, the first of the Fleet dropped anchor in Botany Bay.

The year to the next Christmas was rugged. The thousand exiles on a rocky shore, 12,000 miles from home, barely had time to build a modest brick house for the Governor, wood hutsments for the soldiery, and wattle and daub huts for the rest.

On Christmas Day Parson Richard Johnson preached a sermon, after which Governor Phillip entertained the officers to dinner.

The official weekly ration then was 8lb. of flour, long in store and somewhat weevily, 5lb. of salt pork,

THEN AND NOW—an eight-page feature

To page 32



SANTA IN THE SNOW

• There can be snow in an Australian Christmas, although Australians north of Tasmania are apt to forget the fact, for most of them have never touched snow in their lives. This photograph was taken last Christmas Day near Mt. Kosciusko when children from a hotel came upon the jocund Old Gentleman himself. In the winter in the Australian Alps there is a greater area of snowfields than in Switzerland, but skiing ends in October in the average year. And on Kosciusko's broad summit, worn down by time like the other mountains in this ancient land, there stands a mailbox which is used when the snow has melted from the road. Some children post letters to Santa Claus there, because this is the roof of Australia.

Australian Christmas



AND IN THE CITIES

● By most Australians, Christmas is approached through hot and crowded city streets—a vision of mothers, with swelling feet, trailing covetous children. And of husbands wondering belatedly what to buy. And grown-ups generally feeling the tension that so suddenly relaxes when the shops close and the holiday (for all except Mum and the dogged postman) really begins.



THE SERVICE IN THE SUN

• At 65 Australian resorts this Christmas teams of young men and women, many of them university students, will devote ten days of their vacation to holding "beach missions" for the children — and will pay about £9 each to do it. They usually begin with "the Crocodile" (below), a process whereby children collect children and all go down to the beach, where a sand pulpit is built. Barbecues are held for teenagers, and sometimes at night there are films for adults. It's all very easy and Australian, but the Children's Special Service Mission was formed in England 93 years ago. These two photographs were taken last Christmas at Tathra, N.S.W.





CHRISTMAS, they say, should be white, with
the holly growing
Scarlet and green against the sleeping garden
And the snow falling, falling, mantling the
eaves and wrapping
Each hearth in its magic circle of home.
So they dreamed of home, the expatriates,
lonely, not knowing
That they carried in their hearts not snow, nor
robins, nor holly,
But the age-old wish for belonging.

Ours is a golden Christmas, cicadas shrilling,
Golden and blue, with the long waves rolling,
rolling,
The still grey trees of the bush in the noonday
silence,
The blistered roads of the city, the blue
hydrangea
Bright in the sun around the suburban portals.
And this is the dream that our children's
children will carry,
For Christmas lives in the heart, and this is
our own.

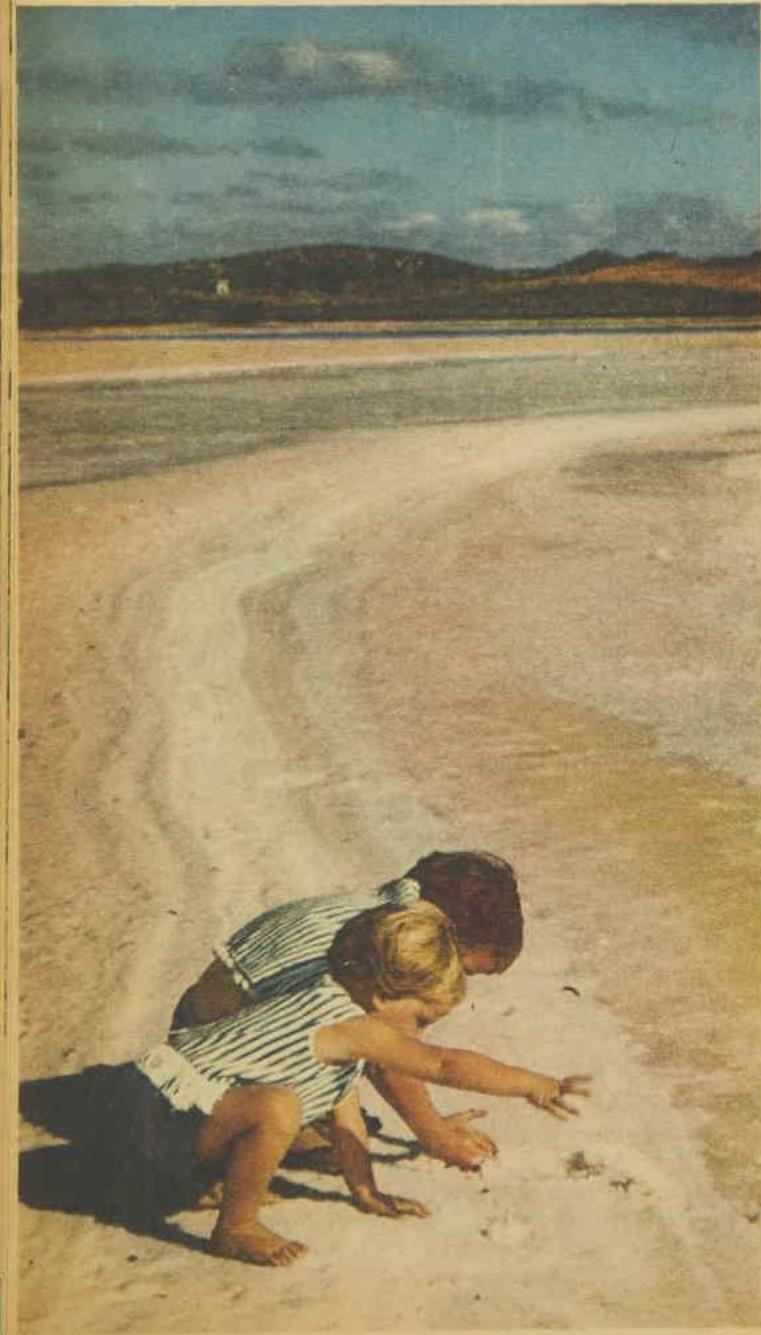
—DOROTHY DRAIN

(Reprinted from the issue of December 29, 1956.)

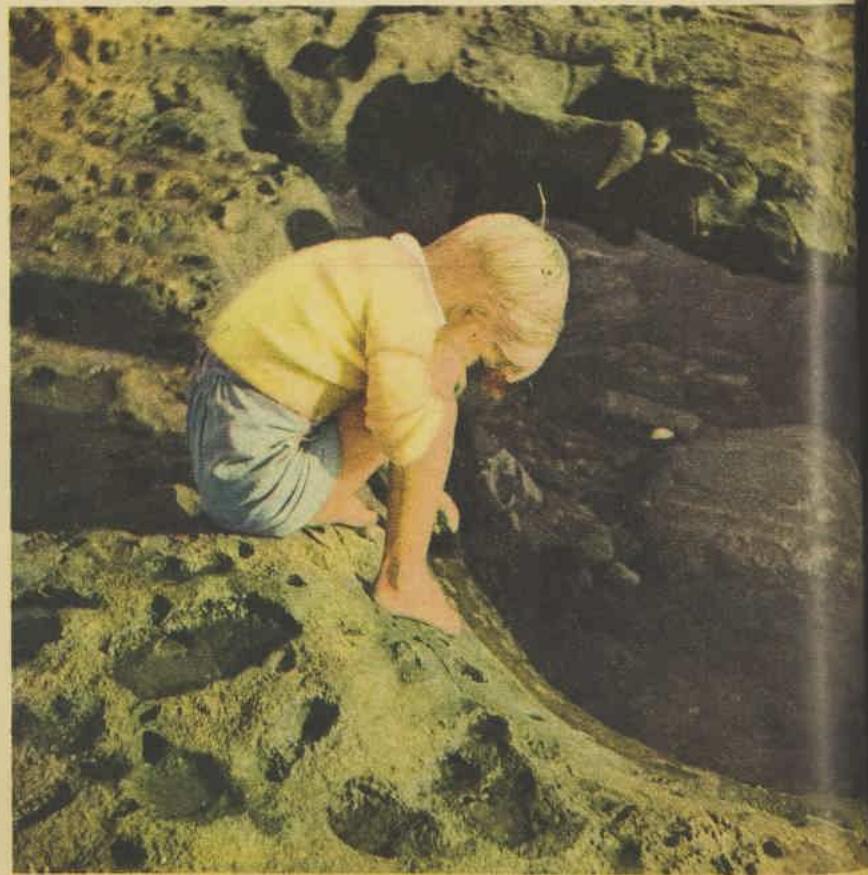


Australian Christmas

**THE SEA
MAKES
THEIR
PLAYGROUND**



• Earnestly busy children playing in the sand, fishing in a rock-pool—these are tender and typical evocations of a Christmas holiday in Australia. For it's a continent ringed with beaches, crowded and empty, from a hundred yards to a hundred miles long. And Christmas memories are mainly sunny. During summer none of the big cities of Australia averages less than seven hours of sunshine a day—and the farther inland you travel the wider and clearer are the skies.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

December 27, 1961

Teenagers

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly

Not to be sold separately

WEEKLY



PATSY ANN NOBLE and TONY BRADY
in "Alice In Wonderland"



LETTERS

Knocks for the Rock

ROCK music was worth listening to a few years back, but the moaning, groaning trash one hears today cannot possibly be associated with the good old beat which was suitable for jiving as well as just listening. Now, when I hear others criticising it, I can only agree.—*Patricia Glanville, Leichhardt, N.S.W.*

SEVERAL weeks ago my parents made me go with them to an orchestral concert. I was most annoyed as I had to miss most of my favorite TV rock-n-roll show. "Squaresville," I said to myself. But as I sat listening to the music it made a strange impression on me. Here, I thought, was something more than a beat and a screaming singer. I began to enjoy the programme in spite of myself. When I returned home and switched on the last part of my rock show I saw a screaming, writhing maniac accompanied by strange noises. I found myself laughing at it. Are we teenagers a lot of suckers being taken in by a few smart record manufacturers in America? — *J. Lennie, Vaucluse, N.S.W.*

Cheating

AS a teacher I would like to add a word on the cheating business (T.W., 15/11/61). Wake up to yourselves, teenagers! When cheating you're NOT fooling your teachers, as you fondly imagine. Your teachers KNOW you are cheating, no matter how well you cheat. That "crabby teacher" of yours doesn't miss a trick. At high school you're no babies to be spoon-fed. Your teachers most probably think that if you ARE such big babies who HAVE to cheat — go ahead! You'll soon find out that by cheating you only cheat yourself. — "Pedagogue," Perth.

Next week

THERE'S a new trend among teenagers who are spending their summer holidays this year on Queensland's Gold Coast. The keynote is activity rather than lazing in the sun listening to rock music on a transistor. Surfboard riding, sailing, horseback riding, water-skiing, and joy-flights in small planes are some of the most popular activities — and next week we have some wonderful color pictures of pretty pilgrims to this teenage holiday mecca. Our pin-up is of local songster Lana Cantrell.

There are no holds barred in this forum, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Contributions of short stories and articles are also invited, but only those accompanied by stamped, addressed envelopes will be returned. Send them to Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

COVER GIRL

PATSY ANN NOBLE has the starring role as Alice in the "Alice in Wonderland" pantomime at Sydney's Phillip Theatre opening on December 23. With her in this dress-rehearsal picture is another young Australian pop singer, Tony Brady, who plays the Knave of Hearts. Also in the cast are the Allen Brothers as Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee. Because of their popularity as singers, special songs have been introduced into the production for all these teenage entertainers.

Price of lipstick

I'M disgusted that children over 12 years must pay full price into the pictures. How are

we supposed to manage on what most 13-year-olds get each week? Up till now I have only been paying half price, but a few weeks ago three 13-year-old friends and I went to a local theatre in the afternoon. The two of us who were wearing lipstick had to pay full price, but the other two only half. — "Cedal," Mosman, N.S.W.

Lost look

AT our local pool a bunch of teenage boys often throw girls into the water. A boy-friend helps push his girlfriend into the water, instead of being a gentleman and helping her. Girls, what is the matter with us? Have we lost our "Damsel in Distress" look? — *Judy Day, Naracoorte, S.A.*

Crackpot

I HAVE been occasionally appalled by some of the crackpot statements made in T.W. letters, but the claim by "Cured" (T.W., 29/11/61) that he cured his acne by standing on his head beats the lot. There is definitely no scientific basis for such a claim. I would advise fellow sufferers from this skin affliction to save their time and not follow "Cured's" example. Eat wholesome food, don't worry, and you will soon outgrow it. — *Robert Pearce, Meltham, W.A.*

Adopted children — "Tell them the truth"

I VIOLENTLY disagree with "Don't Tell Them." I was adopted from a religious institution when I was a baby. When told of this by my foster-mother at 10 years of age, unlike "Don't Tell Them" my whole faith in life was not disrupted.

In fact, I love my foster-parents more for telling me and for being so unselfish as to take the child of another and raise it as their own.

They have treated me no differently than they would have treated their own child, lavishing love and affection on me, rewarding me when I am good, punishing me when I am bad.

Now, at 16½, I have tried to gain a good pass in the Leaving exams so that I might repay them in a small way for their attention, as well as gaining suitable employment for myself. — "Proud," Newcastle, N.S.W.

THE fact that I am adopted never came as a shock to me, and I can't even remember first being told. I have just grown up with the feeling of being a special, chosen child. My adoption is discussed freely at home and always has been, although few of my friends know.

Only twice while I have

• Adopted children should not be told the truth about their adoption, said "Don't Tell Them" (T.W., 15/11/61)—but she appears to be a minority of one.

been at school has someone else hinted about my doubtful birth, and then I remember the glow I felt when I could proudly announce, "My mother has already told me."

But don't think I haven't had my unhappy moments, too. I have cried myself to sleep wondering about my mother—Is she still alive? If so, is she married? Have I any brothers or sisters? Is she pretty?

At one time or another these things seem so important in your life, yet, really, if I wasn't adopted I'd surely find something else to feel sorry for myself over. It's just another part of growing up.

I most certainly say: Tell your child if he or she is adopted. After all, it is more their business than any one else's. They have a definite right to know. — "A Chosen Child," Bentleigh, Vic.

A GREAT friend of mine is an adopted child and knew nothing of this until an unkind person told her. This hurt her a great deal—not so much because she had been



Got message

A FRIEND of mine was having trouble getting rid of a boy-friend who used to write her long, persistent letters. Finally she wrote back, "Thank you for your long letter. I'll answer it as soon as I find time to read it." He must have got the message because he never wrote again. — *Carolyn Muller, Junabee, Qld.*

Just growing

WHEN 12-month-old Mary Lou took her first step, Mother and Father were very proud. Fourteen years later, when the same Mary Lou con-

fronted her mother wearing lipstick and mascara, her mother was shocked and told her to wash it right off. On both occasions Mary Lou was trying to grow up. Teen years are the hardest years, and a little co-operation from parents would help a lot. — *Kay McIntosh, Inverell, N.S.W.*

Mousetrap advice

I FOUND this written in my mother's autograph book: "A mousetrap doesn't chase a mouse, but catches him just the same." Good advice for young girls? — *Lynne Bragg, Gladstone, N.S.W.*

Even at five he knows a certain amount about his adoption. When he is a little older and able to understand it more we will tell him the whole truth.

Also, when he asks questions concerning this he is not side-tracked but is answered truthfully. Because we have no intention of keeping this secret from him, he accepts it, and I don't really think it will make him lose faith in us or life. — "Tell the Truth," N.S.W.

CHILDREN should be told of their adoption, preferably when about 8 or 10 years old, as a younger child will accept his adoption more readily and can be shown that his being adopted makes no division in the family and he is loved as much as other members of the family. — *Maree Bick, Blackburn, Vic.*

"DON'T TELL THEM" must be very immature to think the truth about adoption disrupts faith in life. I have foster-parents whom I love very much, and some day I hope to repay them for all the wonderful things they have done for me.

"Don't Tell Them" should be very grateful to her parents instead of feeling sorry for herself. — "Do Tell," S.A.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — December 27, 1961

Artist behind the TV camera

• Peggy Carter has a job many girls dream of. She is part of the exciting, glamorous world of films and television—but not as an actress, singer, or dancer.

By DIANE ROBERTS

SHE is a make-up artist at Artransa Studios in Sydney. And at 21 she is doing a job which holds a lot of responsibility as well as rewards.

I met Peggy in her pale green make-up room. Although not a "feminine" room ("I make up men, too, so it shouldn't be too pretty pink," she explained), it seemed typical of Peggy's job.

Spread out on long benches were brushes, tubes, and lipsticks—all arranged in straight rows in order of size. Tissues and make-up containers were stacked in neat groups in front of tall mirrors.

The rest of her "implements" were in a compact wooden make-up kit which looked like a bulky suitcase.

Pink and blue towels were folded beside two small hand-basins and tacked to the wall were photographs of well-known TV personalities Peggy has made up.

On this particular day the film crew were shooting a TV commercial with a beachside-house background. The scene involved two young actors. Peggy had already made up one and said she would make up the other on location.

For television and films a darker make-up than girls normally use is needed. Men also need make-up because the strong lights used to light the set "wash out" normal coloring.

In ordinary light this make-up looks ghastly and crude—but, in fact, it has to be very carefully applied to avoid a "painted" look.

Make-up kit

Make-up is also used to cover blemishes, shade out large noses and heavy chins, and highlight cheekbones and eyes.

Going on location for this job, Peggy took her make-up kit with her. It contained everything you could possibly imagine—hair lacquer, cotton-wool, false hair, false fingernails, drycleaning fluid, sponges (for applying make-up), and a first-aid kit.

She even took a jar of water. "Sometimes you might be on a location miles from any water," she explained, "and you need it for dampening sponges and other odds and ends."

The two actors were in

make-up kit got heavier at every step."

Peggy works irregular hours and scarcely any day could be called normal. "But I don't mind the odd hours—it's all part of the job."

Even when Peggy goes to the movies she pays more attention to the stars' make-up than to what they're saying.

"You never stop learning the art of make-up," she said. "Trends keep changing."

Peggy collects pebbles and interestingly shaped pieces of driftwood. "I plan to make them into something one day, but at the moment they're just sitting in boxes in my bedroom."

Dancing is also one of Peggy's interests. "I learnt ballet when I was at school," she said, "and now I'd like to take up jazz or modern dancing."

The director was now ready to shoot the scene. Peggy picked up a large powder-puff and, dabbing it in the powder-box, dashed off to give the boys a last-minute dusting. She was back on the job.

Casting, too

"When I first came to the studio I was taught make-up," she said, "but I spent most of the first year casting, and I still do that now as well as make-up."

"Casting means attending conferences, going through the script with the client, and then showing him a selection of photographs of the models and actors available.

"When he selects the artists he wants I have to book them through their agents.

"I have most of the people in every casting agency in town on my books, as well as my own personal file.

"When I book them I have to tell them what clothes to bring. If special costumes are called for in the script and we haven't got them in our wardrobe department, I have to hire them."

"After my year of doing only casting I began assisting on make-up as well, until the make-up artist left to have a baby, and now I'm on my own."

Peggy has made up all sorts of people—models, actors, a bishop, schoolchildren, politicians, and showgirls.

She has also done the job in many places besides her own make-up room. "We've been on location in boats, streets, houses, in the middle of the city, and in the bush," she said.

"We had to hike through the Blue Mountains once, looking for a glade, and my



READY to repair the make-up of artists on the set, Peggy Carter pauses at the entrance to the sound stage where a TV commercial is being made. Below, Peggy making up model Fay Coroneous.



Christmas drinks, biscuits

With all those Christmas and New Year parties almost here, Debbie, our teenage cook, has devised these drink and biscuit recipes to give that special flavor to the festivities. They are all easy to make — and if you want to help Mum prepare the family doings, the drinks would be an ideal addition to the traditional dinner.

Drinks

MOCK CHAMPAGNE

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 cup grapefruit juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice, 1 quart ginger ale.

Combine sugar and water in saucepan and boil for 5 minutes, allow to cool, and add combined fruit juices. Stir in well-chilled ginger ale and serve in champagne glasses or goblets.

SUMMER TANTALISER

Half cup finely chopped preserved ginger, 3 pints water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup pineapple juice, 2-3rds cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice.

Combine ginger, water, and sugar in saucepan, simmer 15 minutes, then cool. Add fruit juices and chill. Pour into glasses and garnish with wedge of lemon before serving.

APRICOT COOLER

Two cups apricot pulp, 2 cups apricot syrup or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 2 egg-whites, 2 cups crushed ice.

Combine all ingredients, divide into three, and place one-third at a time into an electric blender. Cover and blend for 30 seconds. Pour at once into glasses and serve.

CHOCOLATE ALASKA

Basic recipe: Four ounces cooking chocolate (chopped up roughly), $\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup icing-sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence.

Combine in top half of a double saucepan the chocolate, milk, icing-sugar, and vanilla. Stir over simmering water until smooth and creamy. Pour into a jug and allow to cool. Serve in tall glasses well chilled.

VARIATIONS:

Mocha Snow: Add 1 tablespoon of instant coffee or coffee

essence to the chocolate mixture. Pour into tall glasses and top with whipped sweetened cream and a sprinkling of ground nutmeg.

Mellow Dream: Chill basic recipe, fill into glasses and top with chopped marshmallows.

Chocolate Spice: Add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of mixed spice to the chocolate mixture, chill and then pour into glasses to serve. Place a cinnamon stick in each one.

Cotton Candy: Top chilled chocolate mixture with a spoonful of vanilla-flavored ice-cream and sprinkle over a little crushed peppermint candy.

Biscuits

VANILLA CRESCENTS

Half cup ground unblanched almonds, 2 cups sifted flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or substitute, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons castor sugar, icing-sugar, vanilla bean.

Cream the butter or substitute, add castor sugar slowly. Work in flour and salt a little at a time and lastly add the nuts. Chill mixture in refrigerator 2 hours. Roll out on floured board into finger-thick roll. Cut off into segments about 3in. long. Curve slightly into crescent shapes. Bake on a floured oven-slide in a moderate oven 10 to 15 minutes. Remove at once.

About 2 hours before starting to prepare these biscuits put a vanilla bean in the container in which icing-sugar is stored. This flavors the sugar and gives it the name vanilla sugar.

Put about half a cup into a small bowl and very gently toss the baked crescents in it until they are covered.

COFFEE WALNUT MERINGUES

Three egg-whites, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, pinch salt, pinch cream of tartar, 1 tablespoon cornflour,



DEBBIE'S DRINKS AND BISCUITS, ideal for teenage Christmas parties.

2 teaspoons coffee essence, few drops almond, vanilla or grenadine flavoring, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely chopped walnuts.

Beat egg-whites and salt with cream of tartar until stiff, gradually add sugar and beat until mixture stiffens into peaks. Fold in cornflour, coffee essence, flavoring, and walnuts gently. Place spoonfuls of mixture on to greased paper (previously run under cold water) on an oven-slide and bake in a slow oven until firm (about 30 minutes).

MACAROONS

Three egg-whites, 1 cup castor sugar, 1 teaspoon cornflour, 2 cups desiccated coconut, vanilla essence, few red and green cherries to decorate.

Place egg-whites into a clean, dry basin and beat until stiff and dry. Gradually add castor sugar, beating well. Fold in coconut, cornflour, and vanilla. Place mixture into heat-proof basin and cook over boiling water until mixture begins to cook on the base and sides.

Remove from heat and place in small spoonfuls on oven-slide (greased and sprinkled with cornflour) or in small colored paper containers. Top with pieces of green and red cherry. Bake in slow oven 30 to 35 minutes. Remove from oven, loosen carefully with a knife and leave until cold.

VARIATIONS: Almond Roughs: Replace coconut with almonds or marzipan.

pan meal or use half coconut and half almond. Top each rough with an almond half.

Nut Delights: Replace half the coconut with chopped, mixed nuts and flavor with lemon essence.

RAINBOW MERINGUES

Two egg-whites, pinch salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup castor sugar, packet chocolate pieces or 4oz. grated cooking chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped walnuts, few drops pink and yellow food coloring.

Beat egg-whites and salt until thick and foamy, add sugar and cream of tartar gradually and continue beating until mixture holds its shape. Fold in vanilla, chocolate, and nuts. Color half mixture pale pink and the other half yellow with food coloring. Drop mixture a spoonful at a time on to an oven-tray lined with greased paper. Bake in a slow oven 20 to 25 minutes. Loosen with knife, cool on trays.

FLORENTINAS

Three ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 2oz. cream or evaporated milk, 2oz. glucose, 2oz. honey, 8oz. chopped walnuts, 4oz. mixed peel, 6oz. chocolate, extra 1 tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon water.

Place butter or substitute, sugar, cream, and glucose in a saucepan and heat until mixture boils. Add honey, nuts, and mixed peel, cook over low heat, 20 minutes.

stirring constantly until mixture becomes thick. Spoon teaspoonfuls about 3in. apart on to a shallow tray covered with aluminium foil. Bake in a slow oven 5 minutes.

Press lightly or mark with fork, and when firm but still warm loosen carefully from foil. When cold lift off foil and spread with chocolate glazing which is made by combining the chopped chocolate, extra butter, and water in a heat-proof basin over hot water. Stir until chocolate is melted and mixture smooth.

ALMOND FINGERS

Four ounces ground almonds or almond meal, 3oz. sifted icing-sugar, 2 egg-whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, extra icing-sugar. Topping: One egg-white, 2 tablespoons castor sugar.

Combine almonds with 1 tablespoon of the icing-sugar. Place remaining icing-sugar and egg-whites in heatproof basin and beat over saucepan of boiling water 6 to 8 minutes. Fold in almond mixture and vanilla. Roll out on board which has been well dusted with icing sugar. Cut into finger-shapes, place on greased oven-slide. Prepare topping.

Beat egg-white stiffly, add sugar gradually, beating until mixture holds its shape. Spread mixture over almond shapes and bake in a moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

SCHOOLGIRL SAVES £100 FOR HOLIDAY

• "Would you like to know how I saved £100 for a month's overseas holiday to New Zealand?" asked 16-year-old Sydney girl Del Utting, a fifth-former at Fairfield Girls' High School.

HARKING back to our own schooldays, when it was a major feat to save enough pocket-money to buy a puncture repair kit for a bicycle tyre, we said, "Yes, we would."

So in she came, and the story she told showed that any girl with enough willpower could do the same.

She was well dressed in a matching frock and coat that she'd made herself and a nice string of beads that she'd bought at a bargain sale—all this was part of the saving story.

"I'm leaving Sydney on December 30 in Johan van Oldenbarneveldt," she said. "A sea trip—to and fro—is all part of the holiday fun."

Del is making the trip with her friend Dian Seckold, who is also 16. One of the reasons they're going to New Zealand is that they both have relatives there.

"Dian had the money miles before me because she's been working," said Del, "but we had decided to go together, so she waited."

"It was a bit of a struggle to get the money. I'll tell you."

£1 pocket-money

Del's story begins about 18 months ago with an empty savings-bank account and her yen to go to New Zealand.

How could she reconcile the two facts with only the £1-a-week pocket-money she earned for household chores at home?

Out of that weekly £1 she had to buy all her clothes, books, pens, fares, entertainments, and school lunch on Mondays when the bread at home was too stale for sandwiches.

First things first, decided a now downhearted Del. She would have to reduce all her expenses and save money out of that £1 each week.

Now, that lunch on Mondays, Del decided she could just exist on a fruit lunch brought from home. That saved £1 normally spent on fresh fruits each week.

That was cheating a bit," said Del, "because Mum had to buy the fruit. But he's been very encouraging, and so has Dad. He's a wheel-repairer. They've never been out of Australia, and they wanted me to have the opportunity."

By Carol Tattersfield

Next expense Del whittled down was her fares to and from school. By walking to the train, instead of catching the bus, she saved 4d. a day.

All those ice-blocks and fizzy drinks during the hot weather at school ate into Del's pocket-money considerably, so she just cut them out.

"When the other girls had an ice-block or ice-cream," she said, "I used to splash my face with cold water and drink a long glass of water. That cost nothing—and made me feel just as cool as they did."

Grew hair long

Before the saving campaign, Del used to have her hair cut and set occasionally. She decided to grow it, to cut costs. And—as luck would have it—the Uttings' next-door neighbor is a hairdresser. She offered to set Del's hair for nothing.

Not that Del had so many social engagements at which to show off her hairdo. She saved quite a lot of money by not going to the pictures and dances as often as she used to.

But she didn't waste the time she saved. She spent it making more of her own clothes on her mother's sewing-machine. In fact, she made five new summer dresses especially for her New Zealand "trousseau."

Materials were always an expensive item from her £1 allowance, so Del used to look in the papers for the advertised "remnants sales."

Saturday job

At one sale she bought five pieces of materials which she made into a winter frock, two winter blouses, a summer frock, and a summer blouse. The total cost of the five garments was 30/-.

But no matter how much she could save out of the weekly £1, Del knew it would never be enough to get the longed-for trip. She'd have to have another source of income.

That was easy. She simply got a Saturday-morning job in a local department store working the cash-register or occasionally selling in the kitchenware department. This brought in another 19/9 a week.

Last Christmas she had the job for a week and earned an extra £7/15/-.

But in the mid-year school holidays she resisted the temptation to work for money and concentrated on her schoolwork instead.

"All set"

Even more than her holiday she wanted to get her Leaving Certificate and a scholarship to go to the Teachers' Training College.

"Anyway," said Del, "if you work hard at school you really need a holiday at the end of the term."

With her Leaving exams over last month and still a deficit in her estimated £100 for the trip, Del took up a job with the department store until Christmas at about £8 a week.

"Now we're all set," said Del. "I've got the £68 return fare, plus the cost of hotels and coach tours through the North Island."

"We've booked in a four-



DEL UTTING, who will sail for New Zealand next week.

berth cabin going over and a lovely two-berth one back to Sydney.

"Oh, dear, I'm all in a maze about it all."

"Mind you, we're not going there for a spending spree, but I suppose we'll have enough money to bring back some souvenirs."

A QUIZ FOR THE BOYS

• Boys . . . are you in demand for all those parties and outings over the festive season? The answer may well depend on how well groomed you are — so now is the time to check. Answer the questions below with an honest yes or no — then check with the scoreboard to see how you rate.

- A. Do you have an adequate wardrobe for all occasions?
- B. Do you polish your shoes and brush your suedes EVERY time you wear them?
- C. Do you cut and clean your nails whenever they need it?
- D. Do you take any notice of your girl-friend's suggestions about your clothes?
- E. Do you use a deodorant as well as an after-shave lotion?
- F. Do you prefer bright colors in clothes (such as reds and greens) rather than the quieter tones of brown and grey?
- G. Have you got a clean handkerchief and comb in your pocket at this moment?
- H. If you were invited to an "informal party," would you wear a bulky jumper and corduroys rather than a white shirt, tie, and casual pants?

point for every other question answered with "YES."

If you score between 10 and 15 points, you must be a pleasure to go out with and be seen with. You are tidy (in yourself), well groomed, and fresh. However, don't become overfastidious and ultra-clothes-conscious. Keep to the middle track and stay on top.

If you score between 5 and 10 points, you are mediocre. You dress up for special occasions, but forget to pay attention to the finer details. Groom yourself with a bit more thought and you'll soon be in the top category.

If you score 5 points or under, you are a mess. Stay as you are and most girls won't bother with you. HOWEVER, if you have a slight interest in female company, you'd better do something fast.

SCOREBOARD

If you answered questions F, H, I, M, and O with "NO," score one point. Score one

AT 14 SHE MAKES ALL HER OWN CLOTHES



FOR MOTHER (above) Kay Reddick made this spring-weight woollen frock and matching jacket, using a bought pattern. The separate cotton blouse and skirt Kay is wearing she made to her own design, without a pattern.



FOR SCHOOL (right) Kay made this uniform, using the regulation school pattern but adding pockets. Kay is in Form 3A at Bentleigh High and is here doing her homework in her bedroom.

• During one of the lectures given by the visiting can dressmaker Lucille Rivers at the school, small blond schoolgirl, 14-year-old Kay Reddick, quietly out of her seat and to the door.

By Margaret Berkeley

"I HATED to leave and I felt terribly conspicuous," Kay said, "but I just had to get back to school."

Kay, who has been a keen home dressmaker for two years, had got the morning off from Bentleigh High School to attend Miss Rivers' demonstration.

She was half-way through making a dress and matching jacket for her mother and found that one of Lucille

Rivers' hints in particular came very handy.

"I tried the buttonholes she demonstrated," Kay said, "and they put the jacket just the tailored finish it needs."

Kay was so pleased that she never fails to thank Lucille Rivers for her help.

Kay's interest in sewing goes back a long way, even before she started making her own clothes.

"We were always buying

MAKE YOUR OWN CLOTHES

Recently by American girl Kay Reddick, 12, of Melbourne, Australia, has shown how to make your own clothes.

"She used this machine when she first made her own dresses, and I remember when she put in her first zip, turning the handle with one hand and holding the zip in place with the other and saying, 'I don't know why everyone says it's hard to put a zip in.'

"Later I bought a modern electric table model, which she now uses."

Kay is slim, with wavy blond hair, a friendly personality, and bright smile. She has very definite ideas on the sort of clothes she likes to wear, and when she models her own styles it's clear she knows what suits her.

Simple styles

The styles she designs are very simple, the materials perhaps a little off-beat for her age group, but just right for her.

She feels that girls her age look best in simple, uncluttered bodices and full skirts, and these are the designs she makes most.

Mrs. Reddick is delighted that Kay can make her own clothes. "It means she can have many more than we could afford to buy her ready-made," she said. "I pay for the materials, but she chooses them, and she is a very keen buyer, and careful about prices."

The spring-weight dress and matching jacket Kay made for her mother (pictured at far left) is a wonderful advertisement for her talent. She used a bought paper pattern for this, but a much more experienced dressmaker would be proud of the finish, inside and out, of the ensemble.

Kay's seven-year-old brother, David, also benefits from his sister's ability—she makes his shorts and slacks.

Few patterns

Kay seldom buys patterns for her own clothes. "Generally I just cut out half the bodice on paper, but I never need a pattern for the full skirts," she said.

Her self-made wardrobe includes playsuits, beach-coat, blouses, skirts, school uniforms, winter suit, party dress, and slacks.

When it comes to details Kay is painstaking. She uses plenty of pins, fits herself carefully, and often uses tacking when she feels it will make a better job.

Suggestions by Lucille Rivers she found particularly interesting were some that often defeat the home dressmaker—how to put in a gusset, fixing a zip into a lined dress, and turning lapels.



FOR BROTHER David (above) Kay makes shorts and slacks, as well as for her own wardrobe. Working at her machine, Kay is wearing self-made cissy blouse and light wool plaid skirt.

FOR BEACH Kay made this muu-muu (left) of her own design—as well as the white towelling beach-bag in which she carries a swim-suit and beach-coat

FOR PARTIES Kay designed this short frock (right), although the first time she wore it was to a wedding. The midriff is neatly tucked and finished with a flat bow. Another bow at the back of the bodice has long ribbon tails.



One of her ambitions until recently has been to be a fashion-designer (she has lots of pieces of paper with sketches of dresses on them tucked away in her wardrobe), but now she is becoming more interested in nursing as a possible career.

Kay likes school — her favorite subjects are science and history — and her main hobby, apart from sewing, is ballet dancing.

Every Saturday morning for the past four years she has attended classes at the Victoria Ballet Guild.

After her class she wanders round the shops in Melbourne, getting ideas for dresses, looking at materials — in fact, having a real feminine "spree."



Here's

He just "forgot"

"A MAN of 27 with whom I am madly in love (I am 24) has told me that he loves me and could never love anyone else. We met about six months ago and intended to become engaged early in the New Year. We had to stop going out as he was sitting for his final exams, and we agreed to do this as it was most important to the two of us that he pass. He said he would ring as soon as his exams were over. I expected him to ring the night after they were, but I heard nothing. I saw him a fortnight later by accident. I asked what had happened and he said he forgot to ring. I have not seen him since, but my feelings toward him are just the same. Do you think I should get in touch with him?"

M.D.S., Vic.

No, I don't. It is quite plain that he no longer loves you; that he could, indeed, love someone else.

One of the troubles with love is that anyone who is completely honest about it knows that you can't back up the statement that you will love someone for ever. You can only hope or think you will.

"I love you" is probably the most wonderful sentence in the world, but it is a wicked sentence to want someone to be specific about, because if you are honest the only thing you can say is, "I love you now." You can't even guarantee that you'll love anyone tomorrow.

I'm sure your ex-boy-friend meant it when he said it, but it is not true now.

Changeable boy

"LAST May I started going steady with a very nice boy. I am 19 and he is 20. After a while we had a fight and he went out with another girl. I was deeply hurt, and two months later he apologised and said he wanted to make up. I agreed and now we go together again, but he has changed. He doesn't even want to hold my hand or kiss me good-night. Also, he is very spiteful in his comments about my hair, my parents, and my clothes. Should I continue to go with him?"

"Mixed Up," Qld.

No.

Talk kills romance

"I HAVE liked a boy who is a friend of the family for almost a year. My girl-friend and I used to travel to work with him every morning for several weeks. She told him I like him. Soon after this he went on holidays. When he came back he avoided us whenever he could. Now some time later he asked me out. Should I go?"

"Undecided," Vic.

Now is your chance (if you want to take it). You won't get another if you refuse this time. I am surprised that he has recovered sufficiently from your girl-friend's outpourings to ask you out.

Boys can't stand that sort of thing. It is generally enough to kill off any

feelings they have and always embarrasses them mightily.

Feelings involved in any romance, small or big, should only be shared by the two people involved, not spread round as casual conversation with friends. You'll do better romantically if you remember this.

Long hair

"IS there any shampoo or cream that will make hair grow? Mine has to be long before Christmas or it will be cut off."

"Hair Lover," N.S.W.

Nothing but nature makes your hair grow. These days clever hairdressers can curl, straighten, or make your hair any color you choose, but they can't make it grow quicker, nor is there any preparation that will do so.

End of the dream

"I HAVE been going steady with a girl for three months. I am really mad about her and I can't sleep at nights because of her. During the past couple of weeks every time we see each other we become bitter over some unnecessary little thing. Could it be we are getting sick of each other? She says she is not going to introduce me to her parents. She has accepted a date with another boy and I have agreed to her going, but I don't want to lose her. She asked me did I approve of this and I said I didn't mind."

"Can't Sleep," Tas.

Look for another girl—this one is yours no longer.

Shooting through

"MY girl-friend has been going with this boy for over 18 months. The other weekend he told her that he is going to join the Army and go overseas for about two years. He also told her that she would have to find herself another boy-friend, seeing that he would be away so long. My girl-

friend was very upset about it all. I know she doesn't wish to find another boy, as she is very much in love with the one she has already got and he is in love with her, too. Do you think he might be trying to get rid of her? Should she wait for him or find another boy?"

"In a Muddle," N.S.W.

He's trying to get rid of her. Tell her to get another boy as soon as she can. She has no one to wait for.

Boy-shy

"I AM 19 and I don't have a steady boy-friend. It's not that I don't get asked out—I have my share of boyfriends—but I find that every time I go out with a boy I no longer like him. Is there anything that I could do that would make me want to go out with a boy more than once and enjoy his company?"

"Puzzled," Vic.

It would be very easy to say you haven't met Mr. Right yet, but at 19 it seems to me that it may be more than that. What is it you don't like—the boy himself, the conversation, the places you go to, the good-night kisses?

I don't think it is anything to do with the boys; it's you. You probably have some special idea of the man you want, have never found anyone who matches your mind picture, and you unconsciously reject any boy you go out with before he even calls for you.

Make a special effort to go out more than once with the next boy who asks you. Often the special qualities that make a man nice to know are hidden on a first date by shyness or by the boy making a terrific effort to impress you. Whether you feel like it or not, accept a second invitation and a third from the next boy who asks you and find out if not getting to know the boy properly is the trouble.

Stopped writing

"I MET an extremely nice girl of my age—18—when I was on holidays late last year. We decided to write to each other, as we live so far apart and only had a few opportunities to see each other. After about five months, for no apparent reason, she wrote and said she thought it would be better if we stopped our relationship. Since then I have not seen her, but will be going very near to where she lives during the next few weeks. Should I try to get her back, and if so what steps should I take?"

John, W.A.

Go and see her. Remember, faint heart never won fair lady. But don't rush the girl. Be friendly, not romantic. You'll find out the true story that way.

Know your HOW TO EAT...

• **ASPARAGUS AND CORN ON THE COB.** There is no elegant way to eat these delectable foods. The correct way to eat asparagus is with the fingers. Pick up the asparagus by the thick end, dip the tip in the sauce with which it is served, and bite.

Corn is harder to eat than asparagus. It is sometimes served with cob-holders (things like little skewers stuck in each end) but this is rare. Butter and season it, then hold it by both ends and bite off the corn from end to end.

• **Soup** is eaten with a spoon dipped into the bowl with an away-from-yourself motion. If you want to drink every last mouthful of the soup, tilt the bowl away from you.

If soup is served in a cup it must be drunk straight from the cup. The spoon provided is for your first taste, then for eating vegetables or noodles when the soup is finished.

• **JAM AND HONEY** must be taken, using the spoon provided, from the serving-dish and placed on your plate. DON'T put them directly from the serving-dish on to your bread or scones.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE



How feminine are you? Do you have that flair for making yourself appear just a shade softer, sweeter, and more fragrant than other girls?

Like to know a few trade secrets along these lines?

• Tuck a bag of lavender in your hanky-box or undies-drawer.

• Have a hanky that is sheer nonsense, all lace and ribbon.

• Rub softening cream on to throat and arms.

• Sprinkle talc into your shoes.

• Wear the palest pink you can find, and match lipstick.

• Wash your undies in perfumed water.

• Have a pair of 12-denier stockings for a BIG outing.

• Speak in a slightly softer tone (to get HIM to lean nearer).

Superior types

"WE are two attractive 15-year-old girls. Our problem is boys. Most of the boys you meet these days are bodgies. We are not squares, but like to play sport as well as dancing. Could you please tell how to solve our problem?"

"Two Friends," N.S.W.

It is poppycock to say that most boys are bodgies these days. You two should go round more, meet more boys. Don't be superior.

Snub noses

"DO boys like girls with snub noses? My problem is a snub nose. Sometimes it makes me feel self-conscious, especially in front of boys. What can I do about it?"

"Snub Nose," W.A.

Don't do anything. Boys love girls with snub noses, turned-up ones, sideswiped ones, roman ones, or just plain utility models. It's the personality that goes with the nose that counts.

A pretty face helps a girl on a first meeting, but a pretty face and no personality generally means only one date. These days when many girls seem to go to great trouble to look alike, something like a snub nose is counted as cute and attention-getting. Forget your nose. Just let it sit as the centrepiece of a pretty smile and you'll be right.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



● How about a festive touch for your Christmas hairdo? It might be a sprig of holly, a clump of flowers, or a glittery pin or two to give your hair a party air, such as the easy-to-make trims shown here.

By Carolyn Earle

STITCH up a cluster of holly-red flowers and leaves to dress up a puffy page-style like that at left. Perch the flower cluster prettily right in the middle of the forehead behind the bank of bangs and hold it in place with lots of old-fashioned "invisible" hairpins or bobby-pins.



FESTIVE HAIRDOS



FLAT green velvet bow with streamer ends (left) has a small glass bauble in glittering colors as the centre of interest. It sits prettily across the back of a smooth hairdo (right) and can be tied on to a hank of hair or fixed in place with clips. Rule for hair trimming: don't overdo. One of the trims described here is plenty for one festive appearance.



GAY holly-sprig set in double-bow of red satin-backed velvet (below) becomes dashing hair decor when set on the side of a short, tapered bob such as the style at left. To get the fetching, shiny-and-dull effect of the velvet bow, use both sides of the ribbon. It requires a little bit of ingenuity but is well worth the effort. Hold trim in place with clips (well hidden) or pins.



THREE little bobs (left)—set in a neat row or a shiny semicircle—hold back a lock of hair on temple or cheek as lightly as fluff. The bobs, which add elegance to side swirls of hair (right), are no more than scraps of glittering silver tinsel (soft, non-scratch variety). They slip into your hair as easily as the bobby-pin they're on, stay put nicely.

IT'S THE SQUAWK OF THE TOWN!

● I see that some residents of East Minto, N.S.W., are being driven nuts by unearthly, loud squawkings — apparently by a bird.

SYDNEY'S bird- and animal-loving Sir Edward Hallstrom (he knows who's zoo, and believes that the bestial things in life aren't free) tentatively identified the squawker as a Koel or Cooee bird.

Well, sir—no sir! I'm sorry, but you're wrong. It's not, in my opinion, a bird.

It's probably a chick, sure — but of the female human variety.

Why automatically blame a bird for a cheepin' nasty noise when girls are really the squawk of the town?

Let's examine some of the evidence of the harassed householders annoyed by the noise and interpret it—my way . . .

One resident flashed a torch towards the "bird" but it flew off.

Well, doesn't a lass often get into a flap when a bloke is carrying a torch for her?

Another Minto man said the squawker sleeps for two hours during the afternoon.

Hasn't many a girl said to a boy: "I can only be a siesta to you?"

And a Sydney newspaper reporter, who heard the noise when a resident being interviewed by phone held the mouthpiece out of a window, wrote: "An unearthly screech came through the phone . . ."

Brother, all the Alexander Graham Belles I talk to sound like that!

Actually, of course, Sir Edward can be forgiven for mistaking the identity of the Minto menace.

For it's easy to confuse "birds" and birds. At the risk of being ostrich-ised I'll point out some of the ways females and fine-feathered friends are similar . . .

We males, for instance, call girls pigeons — and certainly they can be pouters and very efficient message carriers.

Even if her names aren't Rose Ella, a girl can make a galah of herself. And aren't there human magpies and crows?

Then, a boy might like a girl who talks turkey, but he'll duck a cutie who quails at conversation.

And what about that famous song, "I want a gull just like the gull who married dear old Dad?"

What I've said might be reprehensible—but you can't call me a lyre (bird).

Well, that just about wings down the curtain on my story.

I feel sorry for the householders who have to put up with the squawker.

All I can suggest is that they recruit it into the local orchestra. Remember, a bird in the band is worth two in the bush!

—Robin Adair



ART THROUGH THE AGES
by Douglas Watson

Fantasy and pathos

12. FRENCH SCHOOL (18th century)

THE spirit of 18th-century France is summed up in the work of one painter — Antoine Watteau.

He was born at Valenciennes, in France, and he achieved a world of fantasy and poetry in his painting—yet there is pathos, too. This seemed to indicate his premonition of the French Revolution which was to follow and the downfall of the monarchy.

As a young painter Watteau was influenced by Rubens, whose worldliness and great refinement appealed to Watteau's emotions. He was introduced into the elegant Parisian society of the time and perhaps it was here that his famous painting, "Assemblées dans au Parc" ("Gatherings in a Park"), and other canvases had their beginnings.

This atmosphere enveloped Watteau, liberating his sense of

poetry and feeling; his work was neither of pure reality nor complete fantasy, but entirely of his own creation.

Watteau suffered from poor health all his life, which perhaps gave his work fragility and restlessness. The most active years of his painting career were from 1709 to 1721.

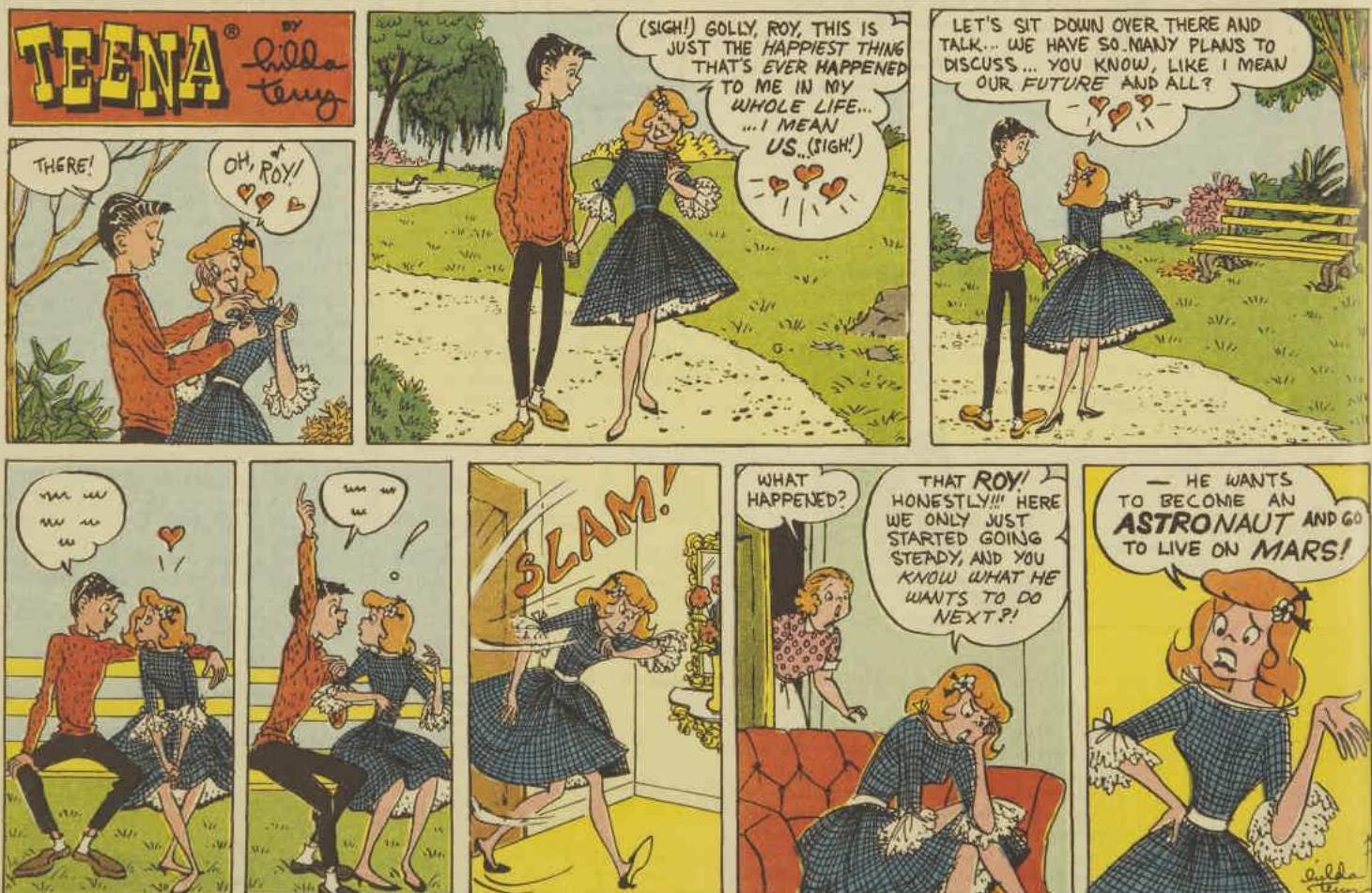
During this time he made drawings of his friends, many of whom were actors, and he gave them exquisite grace and charm.

This is shown in the painting reproduced on this page, "Faux Pas." This picture has rich, tender, and restful elegance. Note the delicate tones of infinite variety and the hesitation and tenderness in the young couple.

Other painters of the time, such as Boucher and Pater, were greatly influenced by Watteau, but they lacked his subtlety and superb taste.

NEXT WEEK: English 18th-century School.

"FAUX PAS" ("False Step"), by Watteau. Louvre, Paris.



LISTEN HERE — with Ainslie Baker

ANOTHER FIND BY COL JOYE

● Singing along with the radio in front of his five sisters and two brothers has paid off handsomely for Vicky Simms, a 15-year-old aboriginal boy from La Perouse, Sydney.

COL JOYE was appearing at a football club function at Maroubra when his eye fell on Vicky standing in the audience. "You sing at all?" he asked casually.

"A bit," Vicky admitted shyly. "Let's hear you then," said Col, and after some urging Vicky, who'd never sung solo in public before, started into "Tutti Frutti."

Now, with his first country tour behind him (a trip to Dubbo with Col, Jimmy Little, and Carol Davies), Vicky has his first record out. It is a bright, winsome little thing, "Yo Yo Heart" (Festival 45), and should find plenty of listeners among the junior teen group.

The boy, who both Col and the recording company think could become Australia's Eddie Hodgers, left school this year, likes slow ballads and a bit of jazz, is going to learn drums, and likes to spend his spare time fishing or knocking a golfball about.

He had a small role in "Shadow of the Boomerang," the Billy Graham film that starred Jimmy Little. Vicky was the boy in the hospital ward who coughed and asked for a drink of water.

JUST before he was due to leave for America, Ian Crawford learned that his grandfather with whom he lived in England until he was 18 was seriously ill. Ian now hopes to make a quick dash from America to England to cheer him up.

Ian and Sydney's Channel 7 have been discussing a contract that would put him under its management for at least a year.

PIN-UP

ALREADY a heart-throb in Germany and England, Hardy Kruger will next year be launched as a heart-throb in the United States, where he is now completing his first American film, "Hatachi."

Co-starring with John Wayne and Elsa Martinelli, he plays a former racing-car driver turned hunter in East Africa.

Kruger made his first big break from German films five years ago when he went to England to star in "The One That Got Away" and, two years later, in "Bachelor Of Hearts."

Established as a teenagers' pin-up, Kruger revealed that he and his German actress-wife, Renate Densow, had a 15-year-old daughter, Christiana. They live in Switzerland.

Kruger flies his own Cessna plane and loves skiing on snow or water.

● Pin-up overleaf

CLUB dates in Sydney are keeping Patty Markham at home over Christmas while all the rest of the family go off for a holiday. Patty's thrilled with her experimental haircut and is going to keep it short.

She decided to cut her long silver-blond hair just before "Blue Star" came out, and is hoping that the new bob will prove lucky again and that her new Festival single "To Have And To Hold" will make the charts, too.

BEFORE leaving for overseas last August, The Melbourne New Orleans Jazz Band and vocalist Paul Marks cut "London Bound" (W. and G. LP). It's a good sample of this popular group, and, to their credit, they've dug up material that isn't hackneyed.

Pops: "Midnight In Moscow" has been a big Continental hit for Jan Brugers and his New Orleans Syncopaters, and is one of those hesitating, beaty instrumentals that can get you in. A W. and G. 45 with "Shine" (1924) on the other side.

IF tigress-voiced Lena Horne isn't already in your collection of show-business celebrities there's something missing. "Lena At The Sands" (that's the Las Vegas Hotel practically owned by Frank Sinatra) is an R.C.A. LP that could very nicely fill the vacant spot. There's "The Man I Love," a Rodgers and Hammerstein medley, and some songs I haven't heard before.

LIKE to hear what sort of an act Bobby Rydell does for an adult New York nightclub audience? "Rydell At The Cop" was recorded "live" last July, presents Bobby in familiar swinging form with "A Lot Of Living To Do," moves on to "Old Man River" and some special material written for his nightclub acts.

Bobby is booked to tour Australia again next month for Lee Gordon with Chubby Checker, the boy who put The Twist on the map.

SOME happy tunes from the 'twenties—"Avalon" and "Tea For Two" among them—get a fresh treatment on "Sitting Pretty" (R.C.A. LP), with Marjorie Meiner at the organ, and guitar, bass, and drums playing along with her.

Show tunes: The music of Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Flower Drum Song," set in San Francisco's Chinatown, creeps up on you the more you hear it. Miyoshi Umeki (from the film "Sayonara"), Juanita Hall (of "South Pacific"), and Pat Suzuki are in the all-round excellent cast heard on Coronet's LP.



VICKY SIMMS, the 15-year-old aboriginal whom Col Joye expects to become another Eddie Hodgers.



THERE ARE THREE BRECK SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS



Every woman is different. One of the most apparent differences is the appearance of her hair. To keep your hair looking its best use a shampoo for your individual hair condition. There are three Breck Shampoos. One Breck Shampoo is for dry hair. Another Breck Shampoo is for oily hair. A third Breck Shampoo is for normal hair. When buying a shampoo, select the one Breck

Shampoo that is right for your individual hair condition. A Breck Shampoo leaves your hair clean, shining and beautiful. Hair you can keep beautifully in place with Breck Hair Set Mist.

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Teenagers' Weekly — Page 11





...AND THE LAGOONS, BILLABONGS, RIVERS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - December 27, 1961

• The boys lording it in the gumtree were looking out over the lake at Toukley, N.S.W. The picture (by Ern McQuillan, Double Bay, N.S.W.) captures the spirit of both coast and inland. The little girl with the dog was photographed at Mallacoota Inlet, Vic., by K. H. Mead, of Box Hill, Vic.; the two children at the sea's edge by V. Serenty, Subiaco, W.A.; the boy fishing in the rock pool by Miss N. J. Kay, Wollongong. Santa in the Snow (p. 26) was photographed by Douglass Baglin, St. Leonards, N.S.W.; the Beach Mission pictures (p. 28) are by Brian Wood, Five Dock, N.S.W.

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It started with rum and plum pudding

From page 25

more than two years in the barrel, three pints of dried peas, and six ounces of butter.

The one bull and five cows had strayed away into the woods, to be found years later as the veterans of a great herd of wild cattle 'at the cow pastures.'

One sheep survived of 70. The rabbits had long since gone into the cooking pots. Only the hogs thrived.

It is reasonable to assume, therefore, that the main course for the lucky ones that first Christmas was fresh pork and that modern-day standby of the Australian hostess, ham.

To this would be added fish, caught by William Bryant, ex-smuggler now fishmaster, and kangaroo steaks provided by three hunters who were already complaining that the animals were restive and would not stand still to be shot.

Captain Watkin Tench of the marines recorded that kangaroo rat made good eating; and that John McEntire, the poacher, now Phillip's gamekeeper, shot a 70lb. emu in time for Christmas dinner.

BUNION TROUBLE?



Roasted to a turn, it tasted like beef, wrote Tench.

There is no record of what the convicts got, but even in the leanest years Phillip gave them extra rations for Christmas.

There was wine for the officers and probably an issue of grog for all.

By Christmas 1789, Phillip had reduced the weekly rations by one-third to 5lb, 5oz. of flour, 3lb, 5oz. of salt pork, and two pints of pease.

At Christmas hungry men were stealing the ripening wheat on the farm at Rose Hill and robbing the Governor's garden.

Only bright spots were the arrival of the ship Supply from Norfolk Island with three turtles four days before Christmas and the gift of a cabbage weighing 26lb. from Mr. Dodd, superintendent at the Rose Hill farm.

Morale was reaching its lowest ebb in the now shabby colony.

All were sick of interminable salt pork, dry and crinkly, which they roasted over bread or rice so not one drop of precious fat should be wasted.

Kangaroos were more illusory than Christmas. Ex-smuggler Bryant had been sacked from the job of chief fisherman for stealing too much of the catch.

Phillip made Parson Johnson head of fisheries, thinking perhaps that as a fisher for souls he would be a good fisher of fish. It did not turn out that way. There was not much fish for Christmas.

Into the cooking pots went

crows, parrots, hawks, snakes, lizards, and squirrels, as possums were called; not a truly traditional menu.

One early colonist wrote to a friend in England in these famine days: "I dined out most heartily the other day on a fine dog and I hope I shall have again an invitation to a similar repast."

Educated convicts were considering a play, "The Recruiting Officer," in an attempt to "excite a smile" but it was tough going.

Christmas of 1790 was still in a gale. The storeship Guardian, bulging with food to break the famine, ran on an iceberg.

The second fleet had arrived with hundreds of sickly people.

extra lb. of flour to every woman to make duff.

A brave gang at Parramatta, however, were not to be robbed of their Christmas fun. They broke into the marines' stores and made off with 22 gallons of spirits.

A few years later Parramatta celebrated Christmas by burning down the gaol.

By then, however, the famine was easing. Huckster officers of the Rum Corps had many things for sale, sometimes at 500 to 1000 per cent.

By 1792 free settlers began to arrive. The Sydney housewife, apart from what she had in the way of poultry and maybe pigs in her garden, could buy quite a good feast for Christmas at a price.



• A Government House ball in Sydney early last century. This was the dawn of "gracious living," colonial style.

rebellion the colony's food position steadily improved. By Christmas, 1820, the age of splendor had set in.

Captain John Piper, naval officer and richest man in the colony on £10,000 a year, scorned common Christmas picnics. He gave splendid *jeûnes champêtres* in the grounds of his palatial mansion at what is now Point Piper.

Sometimes he took guests to his home in a fleet of barges.

His own private orchestra, resplendent in the Piper livery, played for them. He fed them on imported dainties.

Vying with Piper was Sir John Jamison, who had a large country house, Regentville, on the Nepean River. His town house in George Street had one room so big he could seat 140 at Christmas dinner. He fed them on the choice produce of his farms.

Lesser lights celebrated Christmas more rowdily at taverns on the Rocks.

One early historian who visited them wrote of bearded men and lively women, some gaunt, others still beautiful, who danced to the fiddle of a

negro in a room clouded with tobacco smoke.

In 1824 the aborigines had a grand Christmas dinner. They had been somewhat troublesome, spearing cattle and raiding homesteads.

Governor Brisbane, while reacting sternly against the malefactors, decided to make friends of the rest if he could.

He gave a great feast at Parramatta to seven tribes.

Chief Saturday, of the Bathurst tribe, turned up in a hat bearing the word PEACE in large letters.

The feast comprised 400 loaves, a large cask of hot soup, 22 monstrous dishes of roast beef, several tubs of boiled potatoes, 13 massive plum cakes, and a hogshead of grog.

The aboriginal guests gave three cheers for Brisbane, all except the Bathurst tribe, who resolutely refused to give more than one.

The tribal women then gathered up the left-overs in their nets and made off with them.

By then Christmas in Australia was coming into line with the season of goodwill the world over.

Australian Christmas

Social life, however, was gay for the marine officers, now shabby and tattered in uniforms four years old.

Strutting ashore from the second fleet came the young go-getters of the New South Wales Corps.

With them was Australia's first woman of elegance, Elizabeth Macarthur, who looked down somewhat on little Mrs. Johnson, the parson's wife, who'd roughed it from the start.

That Christmas there were two bands to play and much elegant conversation in the few brick houses that had sprung up.

Times were still tough in 1791. All Phillip could do at Christmas was to give an

As for wine and rum, the place was swimming in it.

The first Christmas picnic on record was given in 1806 by Captain and Mrs. John Macarthur, "who wined and dined their many friends in a romantic, serene, and tranquil spot called, from its pure and uncontaminated spring, Pyrmont."

The historian does not say what Mrs. Macarthur dined her guests on.

She had, however, written home some years earlier telling of her orchards of almond, apricot, and apple trees, her dairy, the herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, and the great number of hogs grazed and fattened each year.

Despite floods, bushfires, and

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Baby Oats Cereal

Baby Mixed Cereal (Wheat, Oats and Barley)

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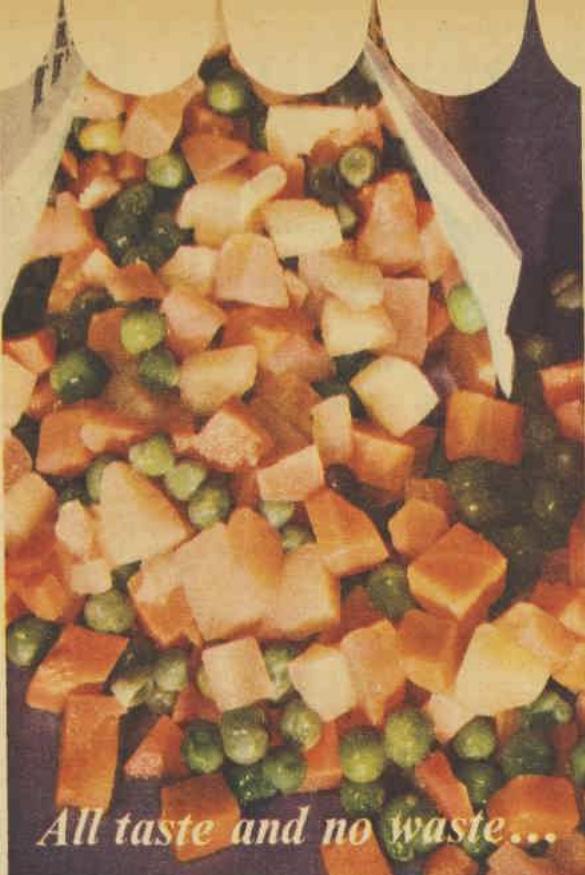
Robinson's Baby Cereals are sold in separate cartons or in one handy Triple Pack for your convenience. All babies love these creamy cereals—they're tops for toddlers, too!



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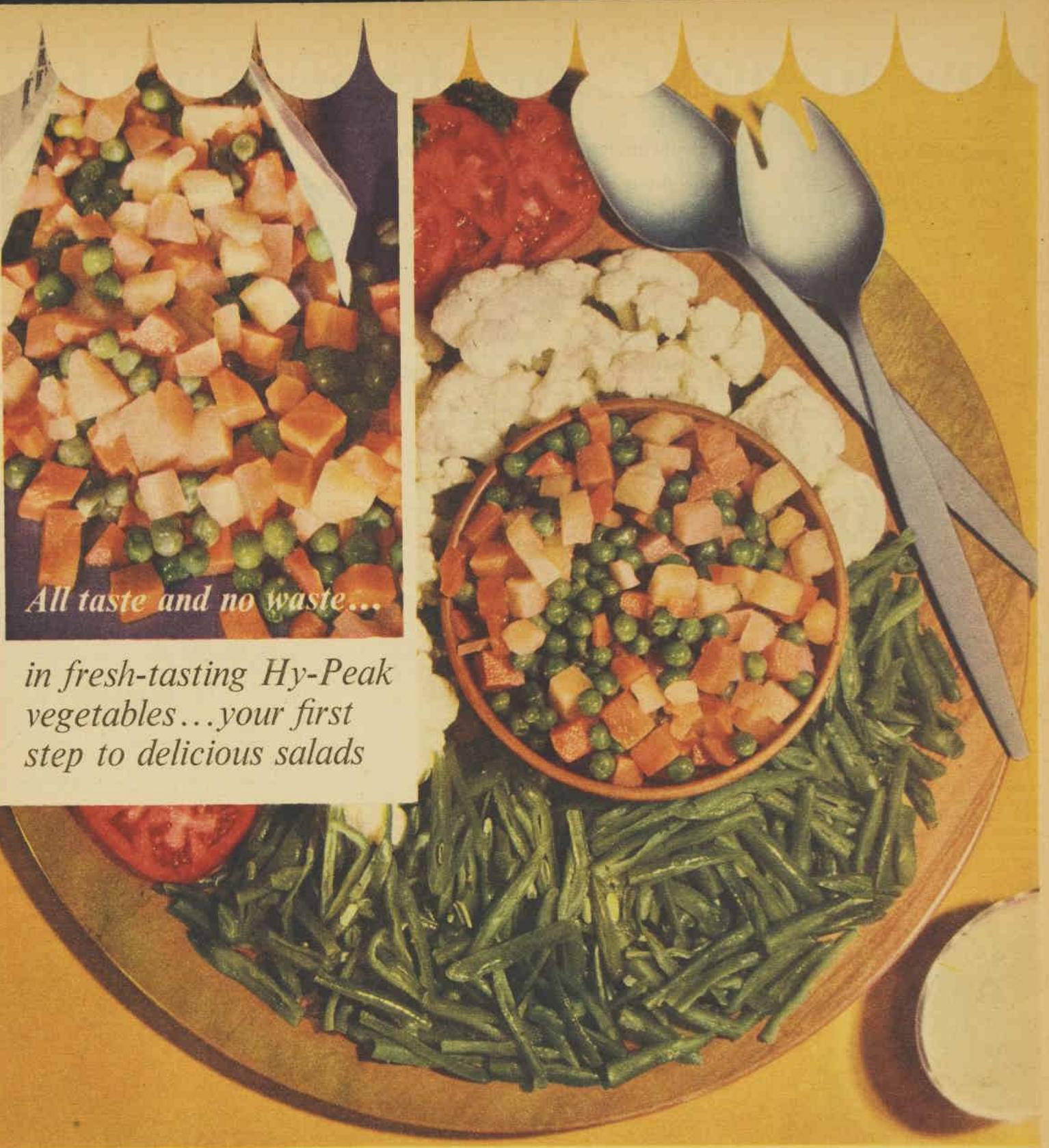
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Hy-Peak

Hy-Peak Summer Platter

Take: 1 packet each, Hy-Peak Mixed Vegetables, Cauliflower, French Beans. Cook as per pack directions and chill well. Make a centre-bowl of Mixed Vegetables (cubed baby carrots and sweet young swedes with plump green peas). Contrast with creamy cauliflower "flowers" and juicy beans; tomato slices or beetroot. Serve with mayonnaise or French dressing.

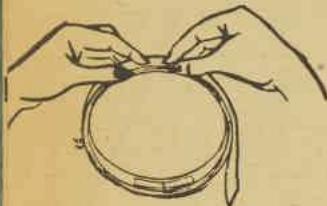
taste the home-grown freshness in Hy-Peak

How to make the decorations for . . .

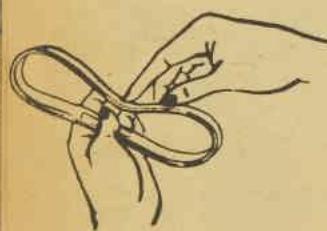
A BOUFFANT BOW IN 8 EASY STEPS



STEP 1: Take between 1 and 3 yards of ribbon. Make a loop to the size you want and attach end to back of ribbon with transparent sticky tape.



STEP 2: Now roll the ribbon into a circular hank as shown above, making sure that the ribbon is wound neatly.



STEP 3: Press roll together in the centre so two loops of bow are same length. Fold over as tightly as possible.



STEP 4: Cut out two V-shaped pieces from each side at folded end, leaving 1-8th inch of ribbon intact at centre. Tie at notches with short strip of the same ribbon.

TO MAKE PLASTIC POMPONS:

These basic pompons are used when making up the snowman and Christmas wreath.

Materials: Clear plastic film (thinnest available and preferably tubular); pipe-cleaners; fine wire.

Method: Smooth plastic out flat. Beginning at lower edge and using pinking shears, cut inch-wide pieces, crosswise, forming loops. Cut 8 loops for each pompon.

Open out the 8 loops and place together over hands and twist in a large figure 8. Fold in half, repeat, twisting and folding until loops are 3in. long. (See diagram B below.)

Thread pipe-cleaner or wire through folded loops; twist tightly. Cut loop ends opposite wire (diagram C). Fluff out pompon (diagram D) and trim ends.

Note: If straight instead of tubular material is used cut about 25yds. of 1in.-wide strips (see diagram A). Wind strips around hand and work as described above to form pompon.

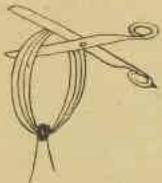
A. When using sheet plastic, fold and cut along dotted lines.



B. Eight loops folded into 3in. loops and tied with wire.



C. Cut ends of loops opposite wire or pipe-cleaner.



D. The finished pompon. Fluff it out and attach with pipe-cleaner.



THE CHRISTMAS WREATH:

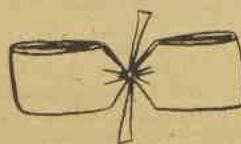
This pretty decoration can be hung on the front door or used as a background for a table decoration.

You can make it as large or as small as you like, but the one pictured on the opposite page is 16in. in diameter, which is a good size for the average dining-table or front door.

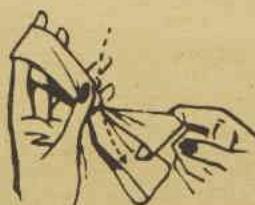
Materials: 24 pompons (see directions above); wire coat-hanger; newspaper; fine wire; trimmings such as Christmas baubles (small and medium); white crepe paper; red ribbon.

Method: Make 24 pompons. Fasten clusters of Christmas balls together with fine wire, leaving sufficient ends on the wire to attach to wreath. Bend a metal coat-hanger into a circle. Beginning at the top, near the hook, wrap around with newspaper held in position with fine wire and cover with crepe paper. Tie pompons tightly round coat-hanger, pushing them together. Tie on Christmas balls and big red bow, which is made by tying a length of ribbon, winding wire round its centre, and attaching to wreath.

(Snowman and wreath made by Miss Margaret Wiseman.)



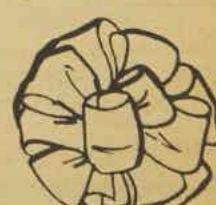
STEP 5: Bows can be made to this stage and then stored for use later — this proves a great time-saver.



STEP 6: Hold bow with left hand and pull an inside loop to right. Twist loop down across centre.



STEP 7: Repeat step 6, pulling next loop from same end to the left and using the left index finger.



STEP 8: Follow steps 6 and 7 until all loops are fluffed out. Pat bow into shape. Tie on to Christmas parcel.

THREE CHRISTMAS TABLES

• Simple decorations often look the most effective and the three illustrated on this page would add great charm to the family table at Christmas. Two of them are formed out of satinised ribbon and plastic bags cut into strips. Directions for these are opposite.



THREE-TIERED centrepiece is surrounded by a chain of red beads linking red crackers. It was made and designed by Mrs. S. A. Croth, of Sydney, for a children's day-nursery exhibition. The centrepiece is made by standing a footed sweets-dish on a flat dish. A large wineglass is placed on the sweets-dish and the whole thing is topped with a smaller wineglass. All the dishes and glasses are filled with rosette succulents, and silver and gold Christmas balls. For contrast, the centrepiece is teamed with a white cloth and colorful ruby-red glassware.

SNOWMAN made out of fluffy plastic pom-poms is the highlight of this pretty table setting. He has a bright red ribbon for a tie and his eyes and mouth are made out of colored Christmas balls.

CHRISTMAS WREATH measures 16in. across. It is made out of fluffy plastic pom-poms and a wire coat-hanger. Candlestick-holders are made from cardboard, red transparent paper, synthetic lace.





ATTRACTIVE HOME (above) belongs to Mr. and Mrs. J. Maxwell, Kenmore, Brisbane. It has a pitched roof and overhanging eaves.

The Australian
WOMEN'S
WEEKLY

ARCHITECT-DIRECTED

Home Plans Service

- Ranch-style home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Maxwell has a bush setting at Kenmore, Brisbane.

THE home plan is No. 763B.

"We wanted a house that was compact and easy to care for," said Mrs. Maxwell.

They also wanted a lot of room for entertaining, so our architects provided a verandah on the north-east, and patio on the south, opening off from the L-shaped lounge and dining area, and allowing for about seven squares of entertainment space.

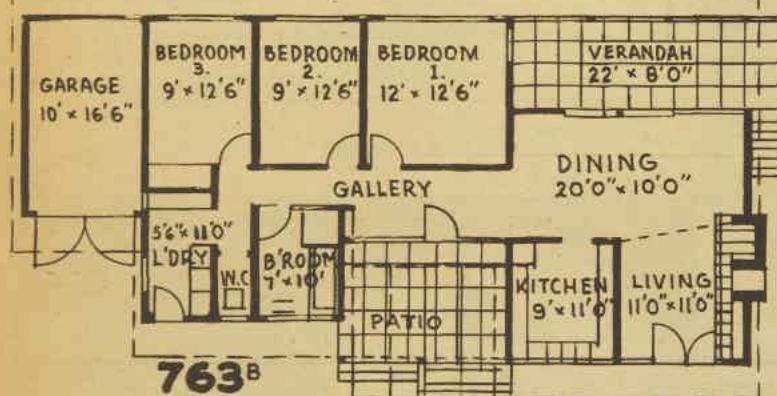
A 6ft. x 15ft. gallery or entrance hall

was added for Mrs. Maxwell, who likes to have plenty of room to welcome friends.

"I think our kitchen is the most attractive room in the whole house," said Mrs. Maxwell.

"It's quite small—only 9ft. x 10ft.—but so well planned that it has every comfort, and there's ample room to move round in."

"We love the house because there's not an inch of wasted space in it," said Mrs. Maxwell.



FLOOR PLAN shows large indoor and outdoor entertainment area.

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AT HOME with Margaret Sydney

- What fun the Christmas decorations are! Ours get better year by year, as the girls develop more taste and ingenuity.

SINCE they were quite tiny the Christmas decorations have been their privilege, and we've had some pretty odd years when our adult visitors must have thought there wasn't a thimbleful of artistic ability in the whole family!

There was the streamer stage, when our sitting-room was hideous with the sort of fluted yellow and purple and red streamers that used to adorn country butchers' shops in my childhood.

This was followed by the balloon and gold-star stage, when stars were stuck up everywhere with tatty bits of adhesive tape that curled up at the edges and turned black.

This year Kay has made a thin-boughed, frosty Christmas tree with nothing on it but bright glass baubles (usual trouble with the cats, of course, who find the swinging baubles quite enchanting) and Diana has done the mantelpiece with little cardboard angels with gold haloes and wings and, at each end, short candle-ends concealed inside old-fashioned metal kitchen graters, topped with red bows.

When the lights are turned out and the candles lit the holes in the graters look like hundreds of tiny stars.

Kay's decorations doomed to be eaten

KAY'S masterpiece is a decoration for the centre of the dining-room table, which she made by coating a big bunch of dark grapes with egg-white (unbeaten) and then sprinkling the bunch with castor sugar.

After the "frost" had dried she put the bunch on the table on a mirror and added a few small vine leaves among the grapes.

Kay's idea is that the centrepiece should not be eaten until Boxing Day.

This is something she will have to fight out with Mike — I've noticed some amputated ends among the grapes already!

Problem of holiday food for the pets

I WISH somebody would invent an elastic-sided refrigerator to deal with holiday food-storage.

I always find the bread a problem. It keeps beautifully if you wrap it in a tea-towel and put it low in the fridge, but if the bread goes in something else has to come out.

My problem is always complicated by the need to store food for five animals for the holiday period as well.

They don't like tinned pet foods and I don't like them for them—most of them have far too much fat and far too much carbohydrate.

Incidentally, what happens to all the waste from our fish-canning factories? Only the thick flaps of salmon and tuna go into the cans according to the manufacturer's, so what becomes of all the rest that Australia's cats would love?

There's one good tinned cat food just come on the market that is almost pure fish, instead of being fish padded out with foodstuffs that cats don't need.

When I told our local pet-store man that

it was good but it was too expensive (1/- for 6oz. tin) he said, "Yes, of course it's expensive; we have to import it from the U.S.A."

Crazy! If they can tin that in Seattle, Washington, and transport it halfway round the world to us at 1/- a tin, surely local canneries could do the same and make a handsome profit if they sold it at 9d. or 10d. a tin.

When Hugh ate the dog food

LAST Easter, eking out the animals' meat, I opened a tin of pet food that looked rather like camp-pie, gave half to the dog, and put the rest on a plate in the refrigerator for the next day.

Hugh came in peckish that night after the rest of us had gone to bed, cut himself a thick piece and put it between slices of bread with pepper and salt and lettuce and mayonnaise.

When we discovered next day what had happened I think Mike rather expected his father to start howling at the door or biting the postman.

However, there were no after effects, except that Hugh had some very harsh things to say about my housekeeping!

He had another odd experience one Christmas Eve. In the days when we had to creep in and leave Christmas parcels at the foot of the bed for Kay and Di, they used to leave a small glass of lemonade and a chocolate biscuit beside their beds to reward Father Christmas for his efforts.

Hugh's job was to dump the parcels without waking them, retrieve the biscuits, and drink the lemonade, leaving the empty glasses there as evidence that Father Christmas had enjoyed his supper.

He came out with a wry face one night, saying, "One of the kids has put something awfully odd in the lemonade."

Subsequent investigation with a torch showed that the lemonade was still untouched beside Kay's bed.

What Hugh had gallantly drunk was the greenish water left after Kay had thrown away one of her childish bunches of squashed-up sour-sobs and dandelions and daisies.

Fun and fantasy of Santa Claus

THOSE are the days when Christmas is the most fun of all, I think, the days when by staying awake the children thought they might just catch a glimpse of a red-robed figure emerging from the chimney.

And then the one year, with each of them, when they knew there was no Father Christmas, and knew that we knew they knew, but kept up the pretence just because it seemed a whole lot safer.

I can never understand parents who have such a passion for the whole truth and nothing but the truth that they deny their children the fun and the fantasy of fairies that bring threepences for teeth and Easter Bunnies and visits from Santa Claus.

Surely it must have been the child of some of those parents who when he was asked whether he believed in the Devil said, "No, of course, I don't. It's really only Daddy dressed up, the same as Father Christmas."

MAKING A NEW LIFE AT 40

• At 40, this mother, like many others, found that she had to create for herself a new life and interests to fill the vacuum caused by the growing-up of her three daughters. Her "Home and Family" story of how she did it, told anonymously, wins her a prize of £20.

WHEN I was a youngster, my life's ambition was to become a teacher.

My father had other ideas. He did not feel inclined to spend so much money on a girl's education only to have her run off and get married.

One could hardly blame him, as this was in the '30s when money was a problem.

For a few years after I left school I worked in an office and then met a tall, good-looking young man who swept me off my feet. We were married in the spring of 1939.

They were happy years which followed or, should I say, flew by.

Before I knew it there I was 40 years old. I had all but raised to adulthood my family of three girls, the youngest 14.

I did not feel old and certainly not ready, as one of my contemporaries was, just to sit back and wait for the time when she would be babysitting for her grandchildren.

Rather I felt that for me life should begin at 40.

But what life? Where did I go from here? Was I selfish to wish to be an individual with a life of my own?

At this time I joined an educational class dealing with the status of women and this certainly gave me much food for thought.

My first readings rather startled my thinking and made me take stock of myself.

No use in looking back

What had I achieved up to date? I felt that, according to the experts, I had done everything wrong in raising my family. When I questioned my poor victims (my three daughters) I felt that at least I had, with all my mistakes, allowed them to develop their own personalities, which were all different.

The realisation came home to me that it was no use looking back; the important thing was to do a good job of living in the present.

Looking around me I could see how easy it would be to become introverted at this stage of my life, house-proud, approaching change of life with fear and trepidation.

Was this the reason so many middle-age women had nervous breakdowns?

The knowledge that one is no longer needed in the same

sense as before comes suddenly to a woman.

Her children want to cast off the shackles and this "change" in her life has a real meaning, bringing with it a sense of uselessness and loneliness.

One is faced with the truth that one's life is half over, and yet it seems to have only just begun. It goes too fast.

This can be a depressing time for a woman, even if not accompanied by physical disabilities.

The fear of being idle

How easy to become the naggings wife, possessive mother interfering in her children's lives.

What was the answer then? Should I go to work? I read of the statistics regarding the idle woman, i.e., women with no children under 16 years, and the phrase made me think.

Idle! This thought had never occurred to me, as my life had been full with never a moment to spare. Yet that is what I would be in a few years. I would have many idle hours on my hands.

Margaret Mead says regarding a career: "A job is work you are paid to do and a career is a job you would pay to be allowed to do."

My career as a mother had been such a satisfying role that it would be hard to fill the vacuum created by the hand of time.

Any analysis, especially a personal one, can be a gruelling process, and it didn't take long to realise my qualifications were hopelessly inadequate.

How I wished I had been able to teach, as now I could have taken it up again.

Writing short stories had occupied many an hour for me at one time. Why not pursue the idea?

When it came to putting pen to paper I found that it had been so long since I had written anything that it became increasingly difficult to formulate my ideas.

Dispelling an illusion is a painful thing, but amid the turmoil of mind while I battled to win back the freedom of expression came a new thought: perhaps I could get part-time work.

Thrill of that pay bonus

After such a long absence from the business world I very nervously faced this hurdle. Much to my surprise I got the position. What a thrill

I received when there was a bonus in my first week's pay envelope.

The best of husbands is apt to take his wife for granted, and children are notorious for the same characteristic. Even if she is given a word of praise there is something to be said for the bonus.

There is real satisfaction in earning something toward the home we hope to retire to some day.

Writing is still a hobby, but now that I am no longer battling with it I find returning to me fun and fulfilment in creating something.

It needed some courage

Having looked into a mental mirror and seen what I didn't want to become, I realised that if I were to remain an interesting companion for my husband and children it was necessary to shake myself out of the rut, mentally and physically, which can set in at this time, and have the courage to venture into new fields.

The encouragement of my family helped me to do this.

We have bridged the gap between parents and children and come to real companionship in a family of adults.

I am glad I looked into that mirror, for now I confidently believe that life begins at 40.

The washer that never brings out any dirt!

Even spotlessly clean garments that have never been worn are thoroughly washed in a washing machine at BNS Bayswater.

This is another of the tests made at the modern Victorian factory of British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. to test the quality of nylon garments.

It is carried out when the fabric of a garment has been treated with a coating to give the feel and appearance of special quality.

If the coating 'stays put' after washing, then it's an asset to the fabric. If it doesn't, the fabric is rejected by BNS.

This means that garments made from the rejected fabric



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Washing also tests for shrinkage. A badly-made fabric may shrink, but only a little each time it's washed under normal conditions. BNS experts can make all those separate shrinkages occur at once!

If the fabric in question is intended for dry cleaning, not washing, then the BNS team apply that test instead.

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Fabric is clamped over the end of a cylinder and air is forced against it until it bulges and bursts.

A meter records the point at which the burst occurs—and if it 'gives in' too easily, the fabric is rejected as unworthy of the name BRI-NYLON or BRI-LON.

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BNS do not make these fabrics, nor do they make garments. They supply only the original yarn. But all the resources of this Australian industry stand behind garments which carry the names BRI-NYLON and BRI-LON.

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(Advertisement)

Treat your child as a person

• After taking the adults' orders the waiter turned to four-year-old Allen. "And what will you have, sir?" he asked.



A STONISHED, the youngster paused for a moment and then, turning to his parents, said with wonder in his voice, "He thinks I'm real!"

All too often, without intending to do so, parents make their children feel as Allen did—like "the little man who wasn't there."

When a child's an infant, of course, his mother and father must talk for him. Unfortunately the practice doesn't always stop.

Frequently a toddler's or even an older child's likes or dislikes, his health, and his development are discussed in the third person.

Even if he's asked how he's feeling, his father or mother may answer, "He's fine, thank you."

Watch, too, the brusque way in which we straighten a youngster's clothes or brush him off if he falls down and gets dirty. We're likely to be as impersonal as if he were a dummy in a-store window.

How often do we ask a child's permission for the things we are about to do? Perhaps it may seem silly to ask "May I come in?" when we want to enter his room, or "May I comb your hair?" But such simple courtesy does indicate a feeling of consideration and respect.

Even when we are rushed there are many ways to give children the sense that their wishes and feelings are important.

Consider the matter of choices. To be sure, there are many decisions that adults must make for their children. But simple choices—between the pink and the white dress, between boiled or poached eggs—can be made by four-year-olds.

More complicated choices are possible for the older child. Rather than always being assigned the same household job, such as drying the dishes, he can select from several chores—perhaps helping in meal preparation or setting the table or even running the vacuum-cleaner in the living-room.

His voice can play a part in the decision whether the family outing will be a picnic or a trip to the zoo.

One of the biggest helps toward bringing out a child's individuality is to give him the chance to do some responsible jobs in the home and to have a voice in home affairs—such as buying a new piece of domestic equipment or in re-decoration plans.

If you plan to do over his room, let him have some say in it.

Children are really interested in the home, and they love to help in painting and brightening the place up.

Giving a child a piece of his or her own garden helps to instil a sense of doing something useful, of being a responsible member of the family.

Keeping track of things needed for the kitchen, helping to draw up the shopping list, washing the family car, or straightening up the living-room are all useful in making the youngsters feel, like Allen, that they are "real."

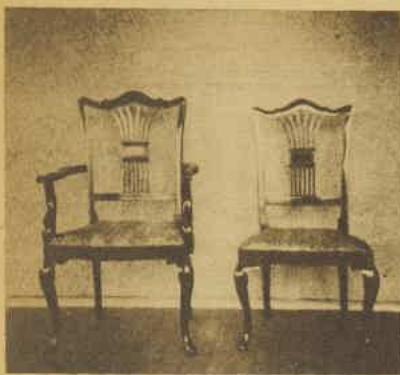
Simple ways—but they build up a child's feeling of worth.

Treated with the same kind of consideration shown toward grown-ups and permitted to share responsibilities that are real ones, he will develop a sense of his own personal importance of being a person.

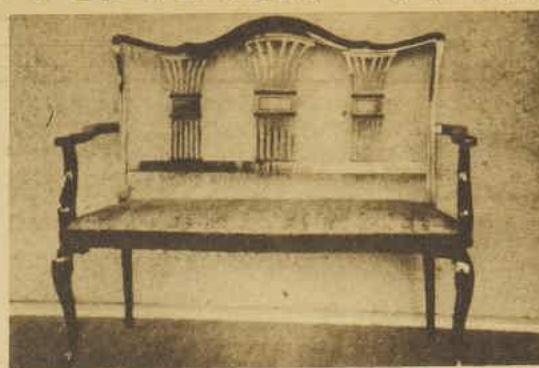
There's an extra dividend in this kind of thing, too.

Of all the satisfactions that being a parent can bring, none are more meaningful than those that come from seeing youngsters develop their own particular abilities and interests, of becoming persons in their own right.

COLLECTORS' CORNER



• Chairs at left and settee at right are rosewood, of Edwardian style, make.



• Table shown at right is worked in an elaborate decoration.



• Readers' inquiries about their antiques are answered by expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

Could you please give me some information about these chairs and the seat? They are rosewood.—C. E. Moore, Croydon, N.S.W.

The settee and chairs (shown at left above) are colonial rosewood and were made during the Edwardian period (1902-1910).

Could you tell me anything about this antique table? I would like to know how old it is.—Mrs. E. L. Fagan, Queen's Park, W.A.

The table (shown above) is Japanese and dates back to 1880.

I would appreciate any information you could give about my silver candlestick. I also have a pair of scissors for cutting the candle-wick.—Mrs. G. Mansell, Mildura, Vic.

The candlestick (shown below) is Victorian and was made about 1875. It is typically 19th century with its scalloped shell-like pattern and its attached snuffer holder. The mark is that of James Dixon and Sons — "Bugle" brand electroplate Britannia metal (E.P.B.M.) The snuffer scissors were made by Lockwood Brothers of Sheffield about 1840.

• Candle-stick is Victorian, date 1875.

I would like some information about this firescreen, which appears to be of black lacquer with a moonlit church scene upon it. Where the moonlight strikes the church windows, tree, gravestone, and stream, it is inlaid with mother-of-pearl.—Mrs. B. Rieff, Alice Springs, N.T.

The screen (shown below) appears to be papier-mâché, hand-painted and inlaid. It is at least 100 years old. In England from about 1840 onward papier-mâché objects were made in large numbers. Tables, chairs, fans, trays, and firescreens, etc., were in popular demand. The firm of Jenners and Beteridge at Birmingham were perhaps the most successful makers.

It is interesting to recall that during the 1840s an English firm manufactured papier-mâché houses—in other words, prefabricated homes.

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ASTOR



• English firescreen.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1961

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Drink for
Christmas



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BROWNIE STARFLASH OUTFIT
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BROWNIE FLASH II CAMERA
Takes 8 super-size colour or black-and-white shots—by daylight or flash. Strong metal construction. £3.3.9.



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miniature brandy balloons, 57/6.

*When you say
"Merry Christmas" with **Prestige**
She knows you've chosen the best*

from 'Do it for Kicks.' Lovely show! I bet you two are straight from Shakespeare or a revival of Ibsen."

"'Macbeth' at the Old Vic," said Hermia.

"Ah, what do you think of Batman's production?"

"I liked it," said Hermia. "The lighting was very interesting. And I've never seen the banquet scene so well managed."

"Ah, but what about the witches?"

"Awful!" said Hermia. "They always are," she added.

David agreed.

"A pantomime element seems bound to creep in," he said. "All of them capering about and behaving like a threefold Demon King. You can't help expecting a Good Fairy to appear in white with spangles to say in a flat voice:

"Your evil shall not triumph. In

the end it is Macbeth who will be round the bend."

We all laughed, but David, who was quick on the uptake, gave me a sharp glance.

"What gives with you?" he asked.

"Nothing. It was just that I was reflecting only the other day about Evil and Demon Kings in pantomime. Yes — and Good Fairies, too."

"A propos de what?"

"Oh, in Chelsea at a coffee bar."

"How smart and up to date you are, aren't you, Mark? All among the Chelsea set. Where heiresses in tights marry corner boys on the make. That's where Poppy ought to be, isn't it, duckie?"

Poppy opened her enormous eyes still wider.

from page 25

"I hate Chelsea," she protested. "I like the Fantasy much better! Such lovely, lovely food."

"Good for you, Poppy. Anyway, you're not really rich enough for Chelsea. Tell us more about 'Macbeth,' Mark, and the awful witches. I know how I'd produce the witches if I were doing a production."

"How?"

"I'd make them very ordinary. Just sly quiet old women. Like the witches in a country village."

"But there aren't any witches nowadays?" said Poppy, staring at him.

"You say that because you're a London girl. There's still a witch in

every village in rural England. Old Mrs. Black, in the third cottage up the hill. Little boys are told not to annoy her, and she's given presents of eggs and a home-baked cake now and again. Because," he wagged a finger impressively, "if you get across her, your cows will stop giving milk, your potato crop will fail, or little Johnnie will twist his ankle. You must keep on the right side of old Mrs. Black. Nobody says so outright — but they all know!"

"You're joking," said Poppy, pouting.

"No, I'm not. I'm right, aren't I, Mark?"

"Surely all that kind of superstition has died out completely with education," said Hermia sceptically.

"Not in the rural pockets of the land. What do you say, Mark?"

"I think perhaps you're right," I said slowly. "Though I wouldn't really know I've never lived in the country much."

"I don't see how you could produce the witches as ordinary old women," said Hermia, reverting to David's earlier remark. "They must have a supernatural atmosphere about them, surely?"

"Oh, but just think," said David. "It's rather like madness. If you have some one who raves and staggers about with straws in their hair and looks mad, is not frightening at all! But I remember being sent once with a message to a doctor at a mental home and I was shown into a room to wait, and there was a nice elderly lady there, sipping a glass of milk. She made some conventional remark about the weather and then suddenly she leapt forward and asked in a low voice:

"Is it your poor child who's buried there behind the fireplace?" And then she nodded her head and said "12-10 exactly. It's always at the same time every day. Pretend you don't notice the blue. It was the matter-of-fact way she said it that was so spine-chilling."

"Was there really someone buried behind the fireplace?" Poppy sounded a little worried.

David ignored her and went on:

"Then take mediums. At one moment trances, darkened rooms, knocks, and raps. Afterwards the medium sits and pants her hair and goes home to a meal of fish and chips, just an ordinary, quite jolly woman."

"So your idea of the witches," I said, "is three old Scottish crones with no sight—who practise their arts in secret, muttering their spells round a cauldron, conjuring up spirits, but remaining themselves just an ordinary trio of old women. Yes—it could be impressive."

"If you could ever get any actors to play it that way," said Hermia dryly.

"You have something there," admitted David. "Any hint of madness in the script and an actor is immediately determined to go to town on it! The same with sudden deaths. No actor can just quietly collapse and fall down dead. He has to groan, stagger, roll his eyes, gasp, clutch his heart, clutch his head, and make a terrific performance of it. Talking of performances, what did you think of Fielding's 'Macbeth'?"

"It was a division of opinion among the critics."

H

ERMIA smiled. "I thought it was terrific. That scene with the doctor after the sleepwalking scene. 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' He made clear what I'd never thought of before—that he was really ordering the doctor to kill her. And yet he loved his wife. He brought out the struggle between his fear and his love. That 'Thou shouldst have died hereafter' was the most poignant thing I've ever known."

"Shakespeare might get a few surprises if he saw his plays acted nowadays," I said dryly.

"Burbage and Co. had already quenched a good deal of his spirit, I suspect," said David.

Hermia murmured, "The eternal surprise of the author at what the producer has done to him."

"Didn't somebody called Bacon really write Shakespeare?" asked Poppy.

"That theory is quite out of date nowadays," said David kindly. "And what do you know of Bacon?"

"He invented gunpowder," said Poppy triumphantly.

David looked at us.

"You see why I love this girl?" he said. "The things she knows are always so unexpected. Francis, not Roerick, no love."

"I thought it interesting," said Hermia, "that Fielding played the part of Third Murderer. Is there a precedent for that?"

"I believe so," said David. "How convenient it must have been in those times," he went on, "to be able to call up a handy murderer whenever you wanted a little job done. Fun if you could do it nowadays."

"But it is done," protested Hermia. "Gangsters, hoodlums — or whatever you call them. Chicago and all that."

"Ah," said David. "But what I meant was not gangsterdom or racketeering. Just ordinary everyday folk who want to get rid of someone — that business rival, Aunt Emily, so rich and so unfortunate, long-lived; that awkward husband always in the way. How convenient if you could ring and say, 'Please send along our good murderers, will you?'"

We all laughed.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 20, 1961



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SHASTA DAISIES
(*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*) are hardy, free-blooming plants. They will grow in well-drained loam and are ideal for seaside gardens.



Seaside successes

● In the many parts of Australia where people live within sight of the sea gardening poses many special problems. Gardens must face the year-round menace of sand, wind, and salt sea-spray.

SUCH a combination of conditions usually means sudden death to delicate shrubs and many favorite annuals, but with a little care and planning, and a lot of patience, it's still possible to raise a garden with a special beauty all its own.

First, protect any native coastal plants, at least until you can be sure of raising something to take their place.

These natives are adjusted to the harshness of coastal conditions. They will look after themselves and leave you more time to build up your garden.

Your big task here is soil improvement. Sand on its own can grow nothing, so every scrap of vegetable and animal humus must be dug in.

This means grass clippings, leaves, vegetable peelings, manure, plus a little lime to help bind it all together.

Next comes protection from the elements. Cultivate small sections of your land at a time, on the windward side at first, and plant as soon as possible a break of hardy shrubs and trees.

These include the salt-resistant coprosma or looking-glass plant, plumbago, sand-loving lavender, and pyracanthas;

pohutukawa, and our own native tea-trees, banksia, and westringia or native rosemary. Suitable large trees include the coral bean, pittosporum, tamarix (or flowering cypress), Norfolk Island, hibiscus, and liquidambar.

In the shade and protection of these, as your soil improves, you'll soon be able to cultivate more delicate subjects, such as felicia, boronia, and even daphne, which likes the sharp drainage of sand—provided it has something to feed on.

Quick color will be provided by day lilies, evening primroses, alyssum, gazanias, African daisies, mesembryanthemums, and succulents of all types.

Bougainvillea, honeysuckle, cup-of-gold, and morning glories are suitable creepers. Orchids, yucca, and crinum are the more reliable bulbous-type plants.

Lawn areas are best kept as small as possible. Buffalo and couch are the only types of grasses you should try.

A little later you should try many types of conifers and perennials, such as shasta daisy and golden rod, pineapple guava, gardenias, and azaleas.

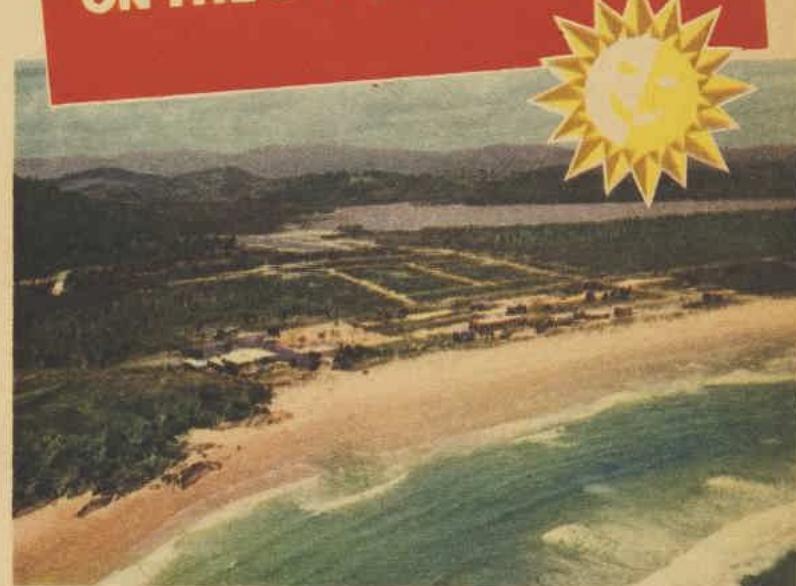
But by then you'll be so attached to many of your native plants that you wouldn't swap them for all the flowers in England.

DENDROBIUM speciosum, or native rock lilies, make a wonderful splash of color in a seaside garden. They can be planted out on rock or an old tree stump at any time of year in mild climates.



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What sinister meaning did it convey? . . . a dramatic short story

By H. E. BATES

THE YELLOW CRAB

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

MR. PICKERING watched the crab emerge with sinister caution from its hole in the sand for the fourth time in fifteen minutes. It was quite unlike any crab he had ever seen.

The first time it had almost frightened him. He had not been prepared for the strange black periscope eyes that suddenly lifted themselves up on a pair of inquisitive feelers above the little yellow spider body. At one moment the hot white sand was deserted. The next the crab was there, fifteen inches away from his hand, watching him exactly as if it had trundled up at that precise spot to keep an engagement with him on the shore of the little bay.

"Did you see the sun rise?" Mrs. Pickering said. And he said, "Yes, over there," pointing due north-westward at the same moment as he whispered.

"It was marvellous, quite marvellous," Mrs. Pickering said, "all orange and rose," and in a moment the crab, marching backwards swifter than any spider, was gone again in the sand.

"Now you've frightened him away," he said.

"Frightened who?"

"He's never been really right out yet," Mr. Pickering said. "He comes so far and then he sees me. I always wondered what the little holes in the sand were and now I know. He's got eyes like shoe-buttons on the top of sticks."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Not so loud!" Mr. Pickering said. "I want him to come out again."

While he waited for another six or seven minutes, lying sideways on his face, watching the hole where the crab lay, Mrs. Pickering made herself more comfortable in a shallow burrow in the sand. She stretched there plumply in a white silk bathing dress, her heavy legs and chest and shoulders tanned from the heat of the sun and Atlantic winds. Mr. Pickering was much leaner, almost scraggy, and his taut skin had a neutral leathery sallowness that would not tan.

"You ought to have your swim now if you're going to," Mrs. Pickering said.

He said, "Damn," in a whisper not loud enough for Mrs. Pickering to hear. He had been perfectly sure the crab was coming up again at that moment. He felt sure he had caught the first glimpse of its sinister seedy eyes. Now it would be another five minutes, at least, before it made another try.

"I think we should get an early lunch and then take the car and do a drive along the coast," Mrs. Pickering said.

She was sitting upright now, brushing white-pink crystals of sand from her arms and calves and shoulders.

"I wish you wouldn't chatter," he said. "I want the crab to come out."

"Oh, it's a crab," she said. "Why didn't you say so? I've seen hundreds of them."

"Not like this one."

"Is it yellow like a spider with sort of knitting needles on its head and it looks at you?"

When Mr. Pickering began to say that it was and how did she know, Mrs. Pickering idly flicked shining particles of sand from her body, gazing at the parallel bars of blue and white made across the sea by the steady motion of trade winds beyond the sheltered basin of the bay.

"I sat here all the afternoon yesterday looking at them while you were over at the island. Rock Island or wherever it was. They come out when it's quiet. What were you doing there?"

Mr. Pickering, too, sat up. "I've got something to show you," he said.

He put his hand into the pocket of his gaberdine trousers and threw over to Mrs. Pickering something which fell without a sound into the powdery sand.

"Well, for heaven's sake, what is it?" she said.

"I bet you never saw one of those before."

"Well, what is it?"

"Look at it," Mr. Pickering said. "Take a good look at it. I bet you never saw one before."

Mrs. Pickering gave a surprised fleshy laugh and said, "Well, my goodness, it's some sort of dollar coin. Five!" she said. "Five dollars."

"Gold," Mr. Pickering said. "American."

"But they don't have gold—"

"And take a look at that," Mr. Pickering said. "Guess what that is." He threw over to Mrs. Pickering once again something which fell into dazzling soft sand without a sound.

"This isn't a dollar," she said. "This has got an animal or something on it. Sort of crocodile."

"Dragon," Mr. Pickering said. "St. George killing the dragon."

"You mean to say this is English?"

"English sovereign," he said. "Gold. Now it's worth double—treble, maybe."

With careful indifference Mr. Pickering got up and began to take his trousers off. Underneath them he was wearing loose-fitting crimson swimming trunks, with a bathing belle embroidered in blue and white on the left leg.

Mr. Pickering folded the trousers neatly and then carefully walked across to his wife and laid them in the broad lap made by her suntanned thighs.

"Look in the pocket," he said. "Go on. Take a look in the pocket."

Across the sand, beyond a line of hurricane-twisted palms, in front of the blue-walled hotel, a colored boy in a white jacket was serving rum-punches to a group of sunbathers lying under a vast orange umbrella. The sun flashed on the amber glasses, the tray, and the silver tongs of the ice-container as the boy lifted them.

Mr. Pickering pretended to watch all this with an absorbed but casual interest. In reality he was watching his wife slowly take from the pocket of his trousers seven dollar pieces and thirteen sovereigns.

"Now you know why I came down to the beach with my trousers on," he said. "I didn't know where the heck to leave the things. I got a funny feeling about them—felt they were sort of contraband."

"You didn't?"

"Oh, no," he said. "They're legitimate enough, only you don't see 'em any more."

"Then where on earth did you get them?"

"Bought 'em," he said.

"But where?"

"Over at the island. Yesterday."

He smiled a leather-tight, pursing sort of smile that brought his lips together in a thin and parsimonious line. "And if I have any luck I'll buy some more today. Maybe a hundred. Maybe two."

"You must be crazy," she said. "All your life you've been making money. Now you start buying it. That's crazy."

Mr. Pickering sat down in the sand to take off his crimson crepe-soled deck-shoes. In one of them was a spoonful of white sand and he slowly and thoughtfully poured it away like salt.

"You know the house along the road?" he said. "The white one with the blue roof? The one you like so much? With the red bougainvillea on the walls?"

"I like the house—yes."

"What if we buy it? Not now, but in a couple or three weeks. Before we go home?"

"But you know what they're asking for that house? They're asking—"

"I know what they're asking."

"Well, you know we could never find that kind of money. Where would we find that much money?"

"We don't have to find it," Mr. Pickering said.

"It's here."

Mr. Pickering looked over his shoulder in time to see the colored boy in the white jacket walking toward them with drinks on a tray.

"Wait till the boy's gone," he said. "Well, there you are! How's the rum-swizzle trade?" The colored boy smiled and bent down and Mr. Pickering took two red-golden punches from the tray. "One of the things I like about this hotel is that the drinks they give you in the morning are free."

"You pay for it," Mrs. Pickering said. "You pay in the end."

"I tell you what," he said. "I've forgotten my water-goggles. Boy, would you send somebody down with my water-goggles and my flipper—Room 17. Quick as you can, please."

"Yessir."

When the boy had gone, Mr. Pickering sat sucking rum through a straw and watching the long, almost phosphorescent lines of breakers spouting on the inner reefs of the bay. They were very beautiful in their pure curling regularity, like waves of bright-brushed hair. Beyond them the sea had the blueness of vitriol, with stripes of acid-green fading to sandy yellow where the shallows were. Beyond that the thin, low rocks of an island seemed like nothing more than a blue-brown floating board except when spray hit them and leapt like a wild white horse into clear ocean beyond.

"It's all over there," Mr. Pickering said.

"On the island? How did you find that out?"

Mr. Pickering sucked once more at the straw of his glass and then looked about him to see if anyone was coming. The boy had not come back.

"You've heard of Maxted," he said.

"But that was a long time ago. That's closed, isn't it? Everybody's forgotten about that."

"When a man's murdered nobody forgets about it. Especially the person who did the murder."

Mrs. Pickering played with sand, letting it run like iridescent mist through her podgy fingers, and said that she didn't see what the murder of the man named Maxted had to do with gold on Rock Island.

"Or for that matter with you."

"The man had an empire," he said. "A bit here, a bit there. A fortune here, one over there—nobody knows how much he had. This is only one bit of it."

"You're going to try to tell me he left odd fortunes lying around in gold pieces," she said, "just for the picking-up."

"You might call it funk money," he said. "You might call it insurance. Some would. Dictators do it—a cache here and a cache there. You know—against the evil day."

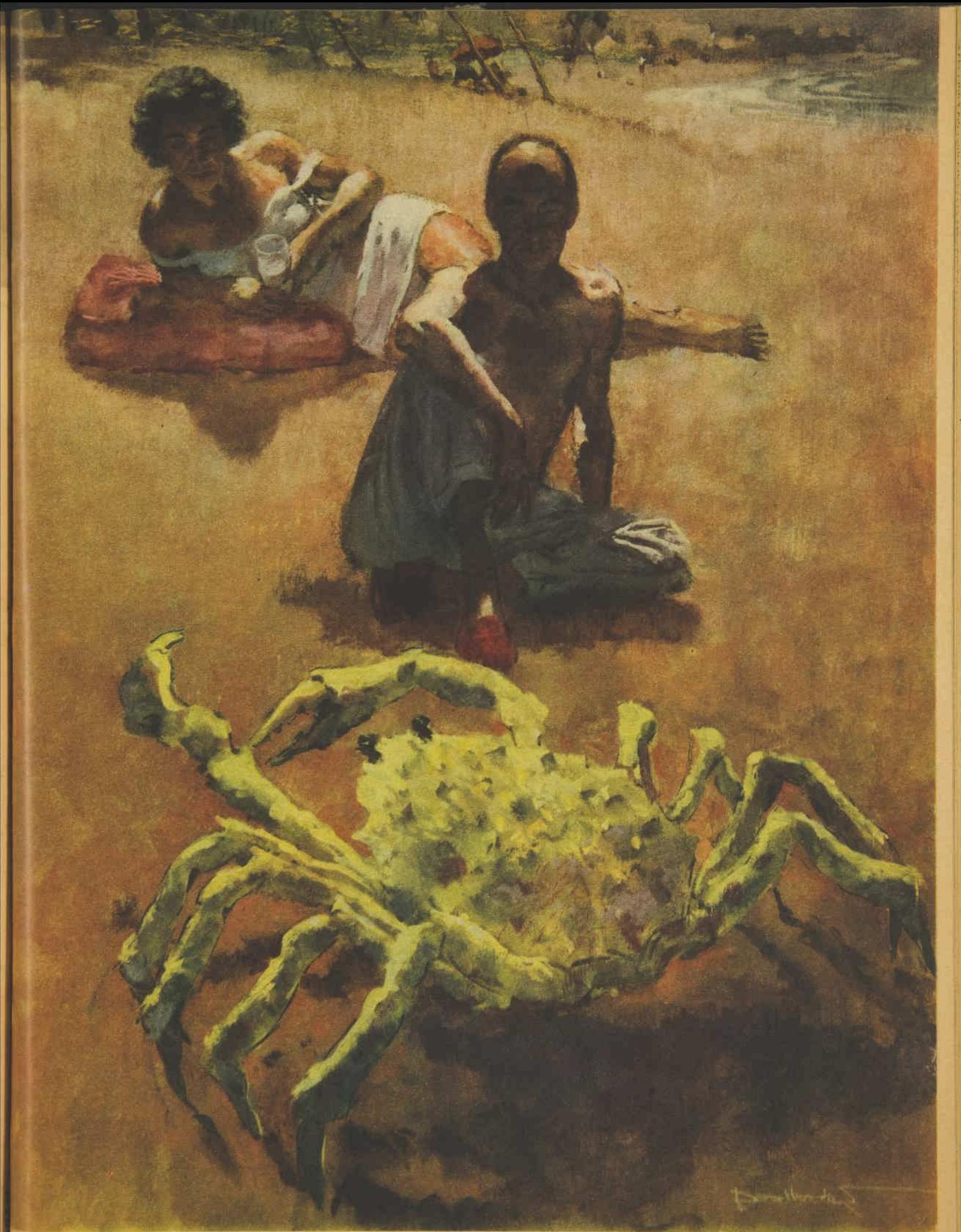
"The boy's coming with your goggles," she said. "You know, I think I'll go to the hotel. I find it very nearly too hot to sit in the sun."

"Just wait two minutes. While the boy's gone. Then I'll have my swim."

The boy brought Mr. Pickering's goggles, a pair

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Mr. Pickering and his wife gazed as though mesmerised at the crab.



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of rubber frogmen flippers, and a telephone message on a tray. "That's all right," Mr. Pickering said. He reached for his trousers and gave the boy two English shillings. "That's fine. Thank you."

The boy went away and Mrs. Pickering said, "Who is that from?"

"Man named Torgsen," he said. "You know the funny little pink house near the harbor? Has shells and sea-lions and porcupine fish hanging up outside? He keeps that. He's got a motor-boat—he's going to take me across to the island."

"This afternoon?"

"Two o'clock," he said. "He's the one who knows all about it."

"If he knows all about it why doesn't he keep it to himself? What's he have to let you in on it for?"

"Now you've hit it," Mr. Pickering said.

He was fitting on his flippers. When both of them were fixed, his feet had the appearance of those of a giant green duck.

"They're all scared to hell," he said. "Everybody knows just enough to scare everybody else."

"About the murder or about the money?"

"Both," Mr. Pickering said. "When war broke out Maxted salted away about a quarter of a million in gold coinage on the island. The island belonged to him, anyway, and he had three motor-boats keeping trespassers away. That's what I mean about funk money."

Mrs. Pickering understood about the funk money but not about Torgsen.

"Why should that old junk-store shell-collector know anything?" she said. "He looks like a soaker to me."

"He's a remarkable man," Mr. Pickering said. "Maxted made a pal of him. He liked catching out-of-the-way fish and getting Torgsen to set them up. You soak them in formaldehyde and then they harden up in the sun. Maxted had a big collection, all done by Torgsen."

THOUGHTFULLY. Mr. Pickering began to polish the eyepieces of his goggles.

"If the money was so hush-hush, I don't see how Torgsen got to know about it, anyway," Mrs. Pickering said.

"Maxted began to pay him in gold," Mr. Pickering said. "That's how."

"I don't see how that makes sense."

"Oh, yes," he said. "That makes sense. That was the vanity part. It wasn't only that Maxted liked empires. He liked behaving like an emperor. Sometimes he'd go in to see Torgsen, and if a fish wasn't ready he'd knock Torgsen down. One day he pressed his thumb under his eye until his eyeballs stuck out."

Mrs. Pickering began to say that she did not wonder that Maxted, making so many enemies, had been murdered at last, but Mr. Pickering said, "Funny thing, he made friends that way, too. Torgsen was a friend. Every time Maxted knocked him down or shoved his eyeballs out he'd come back next day in a terrible state — remorse and all that — and beg forgiveness and say what a brute he'd been and what could he do to show how sorry he was?"

"Torgsen was the fool," Mr. Pickering said. "I don't think so. Maxted would give him ten or twenty pounds as sort of compensation. Easy money. Then one day he kicked him in the stomach and knocked him unconscious — and next day Maxted was in a terrible state and that was when he paid him in gold."

Mrs. Pickering in a bored way got up and put her wrap on her shoulders and thrust her feet into her beach-shoes.

"It all sounds like drink to me," she said. "Anyway, I'm going up to change now. Don't

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be very long. You know how it is if we're not in there when the gong goes."

"He was a drunk all right," Mr. Pickering said. "But that doesn't alter the fact that Torgsen can buy dollars and sovereigns on the island. That's a fact you can't get away from."

"I'd better take your trousers, hadn't I?" she said. "I'll put the coins in my handbag. By the way, what do you give for them?"

"They're glad to get about twenty per cent. less than they're worth," he said. He laughed with brown, leathery, acquisitive lips. "Figure it out while you're dressing."

Mr. Pickering put his goggles on and flapped down to the sea like a semi-naked, balding, upright frog. For some time he swam in and among the low reefs protecting the little inner bay from the trade winds that blew beyond the headland. The water everywhere was so clear and limpid that he could see in these sea-gardens shoals of blue-and-orange fish a few inches long and larger fish of striped pink and blue. The seaweed, rose-violet in places, chocolate in others, sometimes bright yellow, waved everywhere about him with the gentle torment of shoals of anchored eels.

"Look at the sea now," Mrs. Pickering said. "Every wave has a pink tip on it. Look at it now — isn't that heavenly? In a minute it'll be orange or

low concrete wall built round the top of the little cliff. Mr. Pickering, running in rubber-soled shoes, seized her elbow so suddenly that she gave a short cry, startled.

"Oh, you scared me. You really did — I was watching the sun just disappearing — look at it, you can see it moving. Look — it's going down."

"I just figured it out," Mr. Pickering said. "It's simple, really. Obvious. Maxted liked these rare fish. He loved poking about these reefs — used to spend days at it. Torgsen says. So what does he do? He puts the stuff there — there are millions of these reefs and cays where you could hide stuff and nobody would ever know. Well, nobody . . . somebody knows. Torgsen knows."

"It gets dark so quickly," she said. "Look, there's only a tip of the sun now. It's just like a fingernail — just like a red fingernail. Don't you think so?"

"Ah-ah," he said. "That's beautiful. You see, the crayfish boys are going back now. Funny how they always come just at the same time."

The scarlet upper tip of sun slid with arresting swiftness below the horizon, leaving the sea smouldering with wavelets of pure orange touched by strokes of eucalyptus-green. The air fell suddenly so dead calm that the dip of the single stern oar of the crayfish boat made a snap in the air as it flipped at the sea.

"It won't be long now before the fireflies are out," Mrs. Pickering said. "I love it when the fireflies begin."

Until this exotic Caribbean visit, Mrs. Pickering had never seen fireflies before, and her first sight of them in the hot sub-tropical darkness, like dancing grass-green glowworms, had startled her almost as much as the crab had startled Mr. Pickering when he first saw it in the sand.

"And that reminds me. You know, I found out something about them," she said. "I was reading it in a magazine while you were over at the island this afternoon. Those lights they have — they're signals."

"What of?" Mr. Pickering said. "Danger?"

"No. It's like Morse code — or do I mean semaphore? Each of these flashes is in a sort of code — either it's one, two, one or it's two, one, one, or something like that; and it's a signal from the female to male."

"About what?"

"About love — mating and all that. The male flies round on his own wave-length or

whatever you call it, one, two one, until he finds a girl-friend on the same wave-length making his signal."

"Then they clinch, I suppose," Mr. Pickering said.

"I think it's the most beautiful thing," she said.

Mr. Pickering did not answer this time and his wife sat with enraptured patience looking at the sea. All its colors were dissolving and softening down in one color — at least you thought it was one color until you looked, as she did now, with eyes of half-closed penetration, and then you saw that it was an iridescence of fifty colors, perhaps a hundred, perhaps more, each small wave with its smeared brush-strokes of tenderest colored light.

M

R. PICKERING said: "You know, it's funny. You mention this murder and they all start talking about the price of bananas or some stupid thing. Nobody wants to talk."

"I can understand that," she said. "It's ten years ago, to why not let it rest? It's over and done with. And a good thing."

"Not on your life," Mr. Pickering said. "The murderer's here on this island. And don't tell me that's a good thing. They sometimes do it again, you know that?"

"All right. Have you a theory?"

"Not yet," he said. "But I probably will have after I've been over to Cat Cay tomorrow. That's just a lump of reef and sand over on the other side of Rock Island. You don't see it from here. But I'll bet my bottom dollar that's where the other part of the gold is."

"Nearly dark now. Only blue and tiny bits of yellow on the water. You can feel the wind turning, can't you?"

During the daytime the wind, the trade wind, fresh and warm and illuminating the dark blue water with bars of snow foam, came from the sea. At night it blew from the mountains.

"Didn't they try a man once for it and let him off?" Mrs. Pickering said.

"They did."

"Then don't you think they'd have tried someone else if the murderer is here on the island? After all, it's so little. Just a few thousand people that's all."

"You've got it there," Mr. Pickering said. "It's little — so everybody knows everybody. Everybody knows something. Everybody knows and everybody keeps his mouth shut."

Mrs. Pickering straightened up at last from her position of

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"Small-craft warnings are up . . . but that shouldn't bother you."

enraptured patience by the concrete wall.

The sea was almost dark now, pure indigo, the sky above it a soft-washed green fading, far up, to palest night-blue. The colors of the parasite orchids could not be seen in the incense trees. The palms and the big striped alocas on the hotel terrace were simply blackened shadows.

"I think that's what you should do," Mrs. Pickering said. "Keep your mouth shut."

"I've a sort of feeling that we came here just in time," Mr. Pickering said. "A year or two back you'd never have had the chance of this stuff. Plenty of money about. They were holding on. Now money's getting tight. Plenty tight. So they're unloading. It's the ground floor."

They had begun to walk down the rocky path from the high point of the promontory toward the hotel and the shore. Sea and sky were now almost joined in one dark blue mass together, and the mountains, with their lower fringes of enormous palms, seemed to be on the point of stumbling into the sea.

"I still don't see why all these people have got these gold dollars and sovereigns to sell, anyway," Mrs. Pickering said.

"You got to pay to keep mouths shut, haven't you?" he said. "See?"

"I see."

Mr. Pickering laughed in the warm darkness. A sudden turn of wind, like the enlarged echo of his voice, woke into metallic chatter the brittle fronds of the hurricane-bent palms that ran out toward the dark surface of the sea.

"Oh! Look!" Mrs. Pickering said, "The fireflies. Making their signals."

Lying on the sand the following afternoon, Mrs. Pickering watched the crab continually emerge from its neat hole with the same sinister caution as before. Several times during the afternoon it ran out from the hole as much as ten or fifteen inches before it became aware of her and scuttled back.

There was something horribly repulsive, she thought, about the way a crab ran backwards. Nor did she feel easy about the grotesque, upraised, periscope eyes that seemed almost to swivel in the little yellow shell. Each time they left her with the chilling impression that the crab was really a monster that time had dwarfed.

She wished all the afternoon that Mr. Pickering would come. She had something to tell Mr. Pickering.

She did not know whether it was important or whether it was one of those things women just said for the sake of saying something, but she had been talking after lunch to a Mrs. Archibald, a Vermonter.

She had always understood that Vermonters were queer birds—somebody had once told her that—and this Mrs. Archibald was the type that buttonholed you in corners and kept you there whether you liked it or not.

It was about the Maxted murder that Mrs. Archibald had spoken.

She and her husband had been on the island three years before, and on that occasion there was a young woman from Chicago or St. Paul or somewhere who was investigating the case—not officially, Mrs. Archibald said, just poking her nose in.

"And her they found wrapped up on the seashore," Mrs. Archibald said. "In a sack."

As she heard this Mrs. Pickering felt a stab of coldness drive through the centre of her spine.

She guessed it was really that same feeling, uneasy and nervous and chilling, that she

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re-experienced every time the crab ran backwards toward its hole.

By five o'clock she had begun to be uneasy, too, about Mr. Pickering; she was certain he ought to be back. She was uneasy also about being alone on the deserted shore.

Most people seemed to lie on their beds in the afternoon, and for nearly three hours there had been no one on the sand but herself and the crab.

Then soon after five o'clock she saw that in the quietness two herons, a young one and its mother, had come to fish along the shaken edge of sea. They were so delicate and

"No," he said. "Right along the coast here."

"Oh, look at the herons! Just look. The young one's trying to catch something."

"Met a fellow named Wilson. Just a nobody. Torgsen says his mother kept a house on the waterfront—this Wilson fellow was the result of some Glasgow deckhand dropping in one time. Just scum."

"The young one is so pretty," Mrs. Pickering said. "What about him?"

"Incredible," Mr. Pickering said. "He's living like Croesus. Like Rockefeller. He's got a

Maxted were once fond of the same lady. A girl named Louie. In fact, the week before Maxted was murdered they all spent a weekend on Maxted's yacht. And now Louie is Mrs. Wilson. "That's no surprise. Did you see her?"

"No."

"And what made you go to see Mr. Wilson, anyway, instead of going to Cat Cay? Oh, look, the little heron is lost. It's turned round the wrong way and can't see its mother."

"Seems he'd heard of me, that's all," Mr. Pickering said. "He's got big connections in insurance—and seems he'd even heard of us. Said he'd like to see me."

"And just you think, there are people who kill and stuff those lovely things and put them in glass cases. Oh, look at them!"

"You know what I think? And I told Torgsen so. I think Louie killed Maxted."

Along the shore the parent heron, gazing down with dreaminess at the blue-green evening sea, seemed to be waiting for its young, and Mrs. Pickering gave a quick cry of maternal delight.

"They're so intelligent, too," she said. "You see, she knows!"

"Fascinating, isn't it?" Mr. Pickering said. "Of course it might not be. But before Maxted was murdered Wilson hadn't a bean. Just a hanger-on. But Louie had—Maxted had seen to that. And now Wilson has all the beans he needs and Louie, too."

Suddenly along the shore the herons were flying. Mrs. Pickering gave a cry of dismay and saw that two bathers were running down, carrying white and scarlet wraps, from the hotel to the sea.

"They've frightened them away!"

"That reminds me," Mr. Pickering said. "I meant to have my swim."

"Oh, it's too late now. Let's walk instead. You can have your swim before breakfast."

"I guess the morning's better," Mr. Pickering said. "Anyway, I need more time—I've got to practise with the new diving outfit Wilson lent me."

"Wilson lent you?"

"It's the latest thing," Mr. Pickering said. "Cost the earth and it's pretty complicated. But you can stay under for a couple of hours. You should come diving, you know; it's a beautiful world down there. The colors are out of this world—"

"I don't swim that well," she said. "By the way, what about the gold? Where does that fit in?"

The first breeze from landward, a mere breath, seemed to creep down the mountain slopes as Mr. and Mrs. Pickering turned to walk across the sand.

"It could be Louie again," Mr. Pickering said, "couldn't it? Louie was the favorite girl when the gold was salted down. I'll bet Louie knows where it is. And now and then, as I say, a little comes in handy for palm-oil."

"It's too fantastic."

"I guess life is, too," Mr. Pickering said, "isn't it? Those dollars and sovereigns have to come from somewhere. And it's smart for these boys to sell them when they can."

Mrs. Pickering, hardly listening, turned to see if the herons had come back to the shore, but the two delicate figures, no more than stringless kites, were sailing seaward past the edge of the promontory.

"By the way," Mr. Pickering said. "Did you see my friend the crab?"

"Yes," she said, and in the humid evening she felt once again the quick, cold stab of repulsion go thinly down her spine. "He was there. The ugly thing."

down a couple of hours with no bother. There's no need to keep coming up."

Just before Mr. Pickering succeeded in fixing his oxygen breathing apparatus the long, curved boat of the crayfish boys drew smoothly past the end of the promontory. Mr. Pickering waved his hand, but the two brown skin boys, rowing quickly, were too far away to reply.

When the boat had disappeared the sea was completely empty between the long dark reef and the curious half-frog, half-warrior figure of Mr. Pickering entering the water, with his blue waterspear upraised in his hand.

Soon, as the sun rose higher, it struck the black edge of the promontory of rock, heightening the startling yellow band of high-water mark. It flared, too, on the incense trees, lighting up the trailed butterfly ribbons of the rosy parasite orchid flowers.

After nearly two hours it spread with full harsh whiteness on the entire shore, deserted except for the two herons daintily walking in the sea, the young one so like a green shadow of the other. It burnt down on Mr. Pickering's bright-flowered abandoned dressing-wrap and on his empty crimson shoes.

And presently it fell, too, on the black eyes of the yellow crab, emerging with sinister caution from its hole in the sand—once again as if it had an appointment with Mr. Pickering that Mr. Pickering had not, for some reason, been able to keep after all.

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pretty: so graceful, so unlike the crab.

The mother had a dark dove-colored sheen on her feathers and her legs were blue. The young bird had feathers of bottle-green and its smaller body seemed cast on the water like the shadow of the larger bird.

The sight of the birds, so delicate and undisturbed, calmed all her feelings about Mrs. Archibald, the crab, and the young woman who had been found in a sack; so that when Mr. Pickering at last appeared she had nothing to say but, "Oh, Ed, dear, look at the birds. Look at their legs—just the color of the sea so the fish won't see them. And look at the baby one, the way it does what its mother does. Oh, I've had fun watching them."

"Sorry I'm late," Mr. Pickering said. "But wait till you hear—"

"Oh, that's all right. I've had such fun watching the birds. What did you do?"

"The darnedest thing," Mr. Pickering said. "On Cat Cay?"

palace along the coast here with onyx bathrooms and Louis Quatorze toilets and heaven knows what. He owns three sugar mills and two banana plantations and a steam yacht. Oh, and that reminds me, I knew there must be a woman in this somewhere."

"Why?"

The two herons had paraded far along the shore and now had turned and were dreamily coming back.

"Because Maxted was mad on them. He ran five or six at a time. You know what? He'd hang about the harbor until he saw some poppies on a cruise-ship that he fancied and then he'd take her home and give her a house and set her up. Not satisfied with one or two—but five or six. The big possester."

"And is Mr. Wilson fond of the ladies, too?"

Mr. Pickering laughed.

"You're pretty smart, aren't you, Mrs. Pickering?"

"I just thought."

"Yes," he said. "Mr. Wilson is fond of the ladies. And it seems Mr. Wilson and Mr.

Next morning when Mr. Pickering came down to the shore about six o'clock nothing moved there except the two herons gracefully wading along the bright shallow edge of sea. They flew up at his approach and settled farther along the white sea-flattened sand as Mr. Pickering sat down to put his flippers on. On the expanse of rose-blue sea nothing moved except a small out-island fruit boat, slowly tacking with full white sail in the breathless air across the gold-pink path of rising sun.

W

HEN Mr. Pickering had fixed his flippers he once again had the appearance of a semi-naked balding, upright frog. It took him some time to adjust the breathing apparatus, with its long, curved tube and its big protuberant face-mask, and to fix the oxygen bottle comfortably to his chest. He put on the mask and took it off again several times before it fitted.

"The trouble is it's so buoyant," Wilson had said. "You may find difficulty in stopping under. But you can get over that by carrying a weight or something. Put a basket on your back for your fish and put a rock in the bottom. That'll hold you down."

"I never keep my fish with me," Torgsen said. "Spear 'em and bring 'em up—that's what I say in these waters. I don't want no shark sniffing for me."

"This thing's different," Wilson said. "It's designed for stopping down. You can stay



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The Christmas Ghost

By PEARL S. BUCK



JIMPSEY asked, "Where shall we put the big star?"

Jimsey was six years old. His real name was James Collingswood Brown, but he was called Jimsey because his mother had said one day when she was trying to button his coat, "Oh, please stand still, Jimmy—you're such a Jimsey Jimsey little boy!" And from that day on he was called Jimsey.

The star was almost as tall as he was. "Let's have a big star," his mother had said last week, "a big star to celebrate this first Christmas in our own home."

The house was one they had chosen together, a farmhouse set in meadows. They had lived in the city before they found the house, but Jimsey's father said a boy should grow up in the country where there was plenty of room, and that was why they were here instead of there.

Now it was Christmas Eve, and Jimsey's father had just finished the star. It was made

of five crossed pieces of wood, and on each piece of wood he had fastened electric lights. They all stood around to admire it—Jimsey, his father, his mother, and Mr. Higgins, the hired man. Mr. Higgins was old and bent over but he had been Jimsey's best friend ever since they had moved into the house in the country.

"Yes, it's such a big star, where shall we put it?" Jimsey's mother asked.

"Let's think," Jimsey's father said.

"Put it at the top of the big evergreen there by the front door," Mr. Higgins said. "Then the lights will shine clear down to the bridge."

"A good idea," Jimsey's father said. "That's what we'll do."

The house stood on a hill, and at the bottom of the hill was a brook, and across the brook was a bridge. Jimsey could see the bridge easily now as he jumped around the tree. The bridge had three arches in it and it was made of stone. "A pretty bridge," his mother said, and it was another reason she had wanted to buy this particular house.

Meanwhile, the star was going up. First Mr. Higgins tied a rope around the middle of the star. Then he fetched a ladder and set it against the tree. Then he climbed into the tree, and Jimsey's father lifted the star, and Mr. Higgins pulled till the star was high among the branches, facing the bridge.

"Beautiful," Jimsey's mother said.

Mr. Higgins tied the star fast to the tree and then he climbed down carefully, because he was quite old. And Jimsey's father went into the house to attach the electric cord.

In a moment the star was shining, and they all clapped their hands, and Jimsey's mother sang, "O Little Town of Bethlehem."

"And now," his father said, "I must go about some Christmas business of my own."

"So must I," Jimsey's mother said.

That left just Jimsey and Mr. Higgins, and as usual they began to talk.

That is, Mr. Higgins began to talk, and Jimsey listened. Mr. Higgins loved to talk, and Jimsey liked to hear him, and so everything was all right.

Mr. Higgins began, "You see the big barn, Jimsey?"

"I see it," Jimsey said.

It was easy to see, for there it stood, not far from the house—a huge red barn with a slanting roof. The barn was made of stone and wood, and inside the big doors were piles of hay and straw.

"You see the bridge?" Mr. Higgins asked.

"I see the bridge," Jimsey said. He could not see it too well now, for the sun was beginning to set, and a faint mist was rising from the brook. Still, he could see the three stone arches and the curve over the water.

"Did you know a ghost walks betwixt the barn and the bridge at midnight every Christmas Eve?" Mr. Higgins said.

"A ghost?" Jimsey repeated in a small voice.

"A ghost," Mr. Higgins said firmly. "It's the ghost of my old friend Timothy Still-

Jimsey looked up at his mother. "Mr. Higgins says we have a ghost," he said.

The little boy was to learn that Christmas Eve is not just a time for giving but a time for loving thoughts and for remembering friends . . . a tender short story.

wagon, who died several years ago, come the day after Christmas."

"Why does his ghost stay in our barn?" Jimpsey asked. He was not sure he liked the idea of a ghost, especially on Christmas Eve and in his barn.

"It wasn't your barn in those days," Mr. Higgins said. "It was the barn of Timothy Stillwagon himself. He was the farmer here and he lived in the house here and kept his cows in the barn here, and every Christmas Eve the two of us would walk together from the barn down to the bridge—at midnight, mind you—after he'd trimmed the tree for his children, too—my wife and me—and then I'd walk up the hill to see his tree, and he'd walk back with me to see my tree, because my house is there by the bridge."

It was true that Mr. Higgins' house was there by the bridge. It was a small house set in a small neat garden.

"Why did you walk to see your trees?" Jimpsey asked.

"Because," Mr. Higgins said, "whichever of the two of us had the finer tree, the other was supposed to buy him a cup of hot coffee at the village tavern."

"Did you have the better tree, Mr. Higgins?" Jimpsey asked.

Mr. Higgins laughed in big chuckles. "Neither one nor the other of us ever got the cup of coffee on account of we always thought each had the prettier tree. The upshot of that was we'd walk back and forth betwixt the barn and the bridge, arguing about it till we could walk no more on account of the cold. And you'll be getting cold, too, Jimpsey, just standing there listening to me talk about it. So go into the house before your mother calls you in."

"Goodnight, Mr. Higgins," Jimpsey said, "and I wish you a merry Christmas."

"The same to you, Jimpsey," Mr. Higgins said. "And it will be a merry Christmas for me, because you are here. My own children are grown up and gone away, my old wife is dead, and I'm alone yonder in that little house of mine by the bridge, as I've been for many a year."

"But this Christmas, bless you, when I look up the hill, I won't see a dark house. I'll see a warm house with a family in it, and you the child, and above the house a big star shining. Oh, Timothy Stillwagon and I will have something to talk about at last!"

Jimpsey was surprised. "You mean you still talk to him?"

"Oh, sure," Mr. Higgins said cheerfully. "Him and me, we walk the road together, just as we always did on Christmas Eve—me in my flesh and bones, and he in his ghost."

Jimpsey heard this and he was not at all sure he liked the idea of a ghost walking this very night of Christmas Eve. He went into the house and shut the door tightly and ran to find his mother. She was in the living-room tying colored balls on the Christmas tree.

"Mother!" he said in a little voice. "I'm here."

She turned around, surprised. "Why, Jimpsey," she said, "you look white. Are you cold?"

"No," Jimpsey said. "It's just that Mr. Higgins says we have a ghost."

"Do we?" she said. "Well, now—who is he?"

"He's a man who used to live here, Mr. Higgins says, but now he's a ghost."

His mother laughed. "Oh, that Mr. Higgins—he does talk so much!" And she tied another colored ball to the tree.

At this moment from upstairs Jimpsey heard his father singing a Christmas carol, and Jimpsey ran up to him.

"Daddy," he said, all out of breath, "did you know we have a ghost?"

His father was tying a red ribbon around a small box wrapped in silver paper. "Tell me all about it," he said.

Jimpsey began all over again. "It's the ghost of Timothy Stillwagon. He lived in this house, him and his children."

"He and his children," his father said. "And I'm sure they had a happy life, and

bless his ghost, and don't tell your mother you saw me wrapping this very small package, because it's for her."

"I won't tell," Jimpsey said and he stood watching his father tie a big bow on the small box. "Are you afraid of ghosts, Daddy?" he asked after a while.

"Well," his father said, "I've never seen one. It's silly to be afraid of something you've never seen. Fact is, Jimpsey, I don't even believe in ghosts."

"Mr. Higgins does," Jimpsey said.

"He's a lonely old man and maybe he dreams of ghosts to keep him company. And speaking of company, let's go downstairs and see if your mother needs help with the tree."

They went downstairs together, and what with one thing and another—eating supper by the fire and having his bath and hanging up his stocking by the chimney piece—Jimpsey went to sleep, thinking about Santa Claus instead of Timothy Stillwagon.

How long Jimpsey slept, he did not know. When he woke up, the house was quiet—so quiet that he thought he would get up and see why it was quiet. He put on his slippers and his warm red bathrobe and went to the window. The big star was still shining so that Santa Claus could find his way and shining so brightly that Jimpsey could almost see the bridge.

Then suddenly he saw the ghost. Slowly, slowly he saw a small figure walk out of the barn and down the road toward the bridge. Jimpsey stared as hard as he could. Was it really—yes, it was really a ghost, a shadowy gray ghost in the light of the star.

For a minute Jimpsey wanted to run back to bed and pull the covers over his head. Then he remembered what his father had said,

and, instead of hiding himself in bed, Jimpsey decided that he would go and look at the ghost and see whether he was afraid of it.

It took several minutes to get into his clothes and his warm coat and his boots, but he managed. He slipped out the front door and he was glad the big star was shining across the meadow and down the road so that he did not need a lantern from the barn. He ran as fast as he could down the road, looking for the ghost. He could not see it. He couldn't see anybody or anything. Just the snow-white road lighted by the star.

Now he was almost disappointed. To be so near a ghost and then to lose it! He stopped running and wondered whether he should go home and back to bed. He was not afraid—oh, no! But everything was so quiet, and beyond the edge of the light from the star was the darkness. But Jimpsey was a brave boy at heart and soon he began to walk again toward the bridge.

It was a good thing that he did, for now he saw the ghost again. It was sitting on the wall of the bridge and it looked very small and tired and lonely.

Jimpsey was suddenly not afraid any more. He began to walk briskly till he reached the bridge. Then he stopped and looked at the ghost.

The light from the star was dim now, and he could not see the ghost very well. He stepped nearer and nearer till he was quite close. Yes, there the ghost was, sitting on the stone wall of the bridge!

Now, at this minute what should happen—except a big sneeze? Jimpsey had forgotten to put on his cap, and the cold wind was blowing round his ears and in his hair. At the sound of the sneeze the ghost gave a start.

"Why Jimpsey!" it said. "What're you doing here at this time of night?"

The voice was not the voice of a ghost—not at all. It was the voice of Mr. Higgins. The wind blew off the ghost's hat, and under it was the face of Mr. Higgins looking very cold and wrinkled.

"I wanted to see the ghost," Jimpsey said, "and it's only you, Mr. Higgins. Isn't there any ghost? You shouldn't have said there was a ghost when it's only you, Mr. Higgins."

"Well now, Jimpsey," Mr. Higgins said, "I'm ashamed I said there was a real ghost when it's only Timothy Stillwagon's memory that I walk with on Christmas Eve. I guess I wanted to believe he walks with me every Christmas. Of course, he can't walk in flesh and blood the way he used to, and so I just made him into a ghost, because even his ghost would be more than nothing at all, you know. Yes, I guess it's only a memory I walk with after all."

"What's a memory, Mr. Higgins?" Jimpsey asked.

Mr. Higgins picked up his hat and pushed it down over his ears. "It's a something—or somebody—you can never forget."

"Like the grey poodle dog we had," Jimpsey said. "He got sick and died when we were living in the city. But I don't forget him. His name was Buster. Is he a memory, Mr. Higgins?"

"Sure he is," Mr. Higgins said. "The same as Timothy Stillwagon. We were friends all our lives, him and me. We went fishing together when we were little boys like you. We fished under this very bridge and caught catfish and took 'em home for supper."

"And we grew up and got married and had other little boys like you, and then one day it was all over, and only me left—me and a memory. Timothy's not dead for me, Jimpsey. Call him a ghost or not—I see him this minute as he was alive, because we were friends. As long as you remember somebody, he's still alive—in you, if nowhere else—eh, Tim, old boy?"

Mr. Higgins turned his head and smiled exactly as if Timothy Stillwagon were sitting there on the wall beside him.

"Do you see him?" Jimpsey asked.

"I see him," Mr. Higgins said, "but that's because I know how he looked. You can't see him because you don't know how he looked."

"You're not afraid?" Jimpsey asked.

"Of course not," Mr. Higgins said. "Do you think I could be afraid of Timothy? I never was nor am I now. As long as I live, we're the same friends as always."

"But when you die, Mr. Higgins?" Jimpsey asked.

"Then you'll remember me—come Christmas Eve," Mr. Higgins said. "Seeing as we're getting to be such good friends already. Christmas Eve is a great time for remembering friends. Not just for presents, you know, but thoughts—loving thoughts."

"I'll always remember you, Mr. Higgins," Jimpsey said.

"Good," Mr. Higgins said. "I'd rather have that for Christmas than a barrelful of presents." He got up. "That wall is kind of cold under me. And you ought to be in bed. I'll take you back to the house."

He took Jimpsey's hand, and they walked up the hill again in the steady light of the big star, and when they came to the house Mr. Higgins said merry Christmas again, and Jimpsey said the same to him.

Then Jimpsey went upstairs and put on his pyjamas. Just before he jumped into bed, he looked out the window and saw Mr. Higgins, very small and bent, walking down the road to the bridge.

"So now," Jimpsey told himself, "some Christmas Eve when I'm as big as Daddy, maybe I'll look out this window and see the ghost of Mr. Higgins walking down that road. Only it won't be a ghost. It'll be my memory of Mr. Higgins."

He climbed into bed and pulled up the covers. Tomorrow he would have to explain to his father and mother—explain the Christmas ghost. Tomorrow . . . tomorrow . . . suddenly he was fast asleep.

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SYLLABIC PUZZLE

● From the following 39 syllables, form 15 words according to the clues given below. All words have at least two syllables. When all words have been correctly guessed, the first and third letters taken in order vertically will read a quotation from "Macbeth," by William Shakespeare.

a — a — di — di — do — gre — less — li — lin — loo —
ma — ma — man — moon — na — name — o — o — oars —
od — or — or — os — pau — ran — re — ri — ro — ship —
som — struck — tar — ter — tor — ty — ty — wa — wald —
well.

1. Storm:
2. Art of rowing:
3. Native of New Zealand:
4. Man's name:
5. Facts:
6. Money paid to kidnapper:
7. Strange object:
8. Napoleonic battlefield:
9. Smell:
10. Anonymous:
11. Famous French fashion designer:
12. Canvas sheet:
13. Giant:
14. Lunatic:
15. George —, English novelist:

● Solution on page 59.

EVER since the mist had come down, Martin had kept a careful silence. He was bursting with the things he wanted to say to Maria, things about the superiority of a man's judgment and obeying husbands; but they had been married only ten months, and he still did not say the things. Nevertheless, since the whole adventure was her fault entirely, he could not help thinking them.

Maria was not country-bred, and when he had brought her home to the old farmhouse under the shoulder of the moor, which had been his father's and his grandfather's and now was his, she had not found it easy to adjust.

She had missed the parties she had been used to, and her sisters and their fun. She and Martin had no carriage, only the gig and a couple of riding horses, which was all a young gentleman farmer could expect in the 1800s.

At first, she was happy enough, for the beauty of the country took her wild heart by storm and she loved exploring it on horseback; but the baby started to come, and Martin would not let her ride.

Then autumn closed down, with rain and gales from the sea, and gay and pleasure-loving as Maria was, she became depressed and restless.

She must go home for Christmas, she said, and Martin must come, too, for she would not go without him when it was the first Christmas of their married life. He said he couldn't leave the farm. She said he could. They had one of their violent rows, for both were high-spirited, and then one of their glorious reconciliations, for they were deeply in love.

Maria won, because though she was five years younger than Martin, twenty to his twenty-five, she was just that much more determined on having her own way than he was. But he was determined, too, and said they could spend only three days at her papa's, no more.

They would leave home Christmas Eve and return December 28. He would not trust the farmhands with his precious beasts a moment longer than that. She knew that particular set of his lips and conceded the minor point, having won the major one. Honor being now more or less equally satisfied, they became as excited as children as they made their preparations.

It wasn't far to go to the town where Maria had been born, ten miles over the moor or eighteen miles by the turnpike road. They would go the long way, Martin decided. It was safer, with the weather uncertain and the baby due in a month. Maria shot him a wicked look at the word "safer," which was to her what a red rag is to a bull.

If anyone told her to go through the gap in the hedge rather than over the gate, she set her horse instantly at the gate. A suggestion that it would be safer to close a window in a thunderstorm made her immediately open it as wide as possible.

But Martin had not been married to Maria quite long enough to bear this fact continually in mind, and, anyway, he was lighting his pipe at the time and scarcely noticed her look. He was to remember later.

The day before Christmas dawned sunlit and sparkling and almost as warm as spring. They put the small trunk, packed with their best clothes and the presents for the family, under the seat of the gig and settled themselves happily beneath the rug. Maria looked enchanting in her crimson, fur-trimmed pelisse and velvet bonnet.

She was not beautiful, but her brilliant, laughing eyes made her seem so. Her golden skin was clear and rose-tinted with her perfect health; her pregnancy had not sapped her vitality in the least. She was looking forward to going home again in a month's time and having the baby with Mamma and Doctor Fothergill in devoted attendance. She loved the old doctor, brusque and outspoken though he was. It would be impossible to have a baby without him.

They bowed along through the village and on to the turnpike in fine style, for the horse, Beauty, was as high-spirited as his owners. The gig had yellow wheels, which flashed as though the sun were tangled up in them. Martin's bright blue greatcoat and beaver hat were becoming to his red-brown hair and freckled, suntanned handsomeness. He kept his back straight and drove with dash and skill, and Maria never loved him so much as when they sped along like this with the wind whistling past them, their glowing bodies warm under the rug.

To the right, the moor lifted in fold upon fold toward the sky, the tawny, dead bracken gold where the sun touched it, the withered heather wine-dark under the dry-stone walls. Those who live beneath it can never forget the moor, glance toward it constantly, sometimes with slight uneasiness, as men eye a mounting storm on the horizon. To

the left was the good and gentle land, with its round green hills and fields, its deep woods and ferny lanes.

A cock crowed loudly behind them, where a farmhouse stood crookedly among orchard trees, and they were startled, for they had been looking toward the moor.

"The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn," quoted Maria, who had been well educated and knew poetry by heart.

"It's afternoon," said Martin, who was literal-minded and impervious to Shakespeare. "We've started late, you know. All because you couldn't find your fan and wouldn't pack till the last moment. Women!" But he was still good-humored and looked at her with his eyes screwed up in amusement.

Maria laughed at him and went on airing her Shakespearian knowledge, just to provoke him.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

To please her, he was duly provoked. "Moonshine!" he scoffed. "If you want to gabble by rote, why not get a few recipes by heart? Squab pie and dumplings. Dinner wouldn't be so late if you didn't waste so much time with your nose in a cookbook. My mother made wonderful squab pie."

She let that pass and went back to the subject of moonshine. "How do you know there are no fairies or witches?" She looked up at the great, brooding presence of the moor. "How do you know what lives up there? Whenever you've taken me there, I've felt them. Haven't you?"

Martin looked into her eager face, so full of laughter that he did not know if she were mocking or serious. That was one of the enchanting things about her; he never quite knew what she was really thinking. She was mysterious. He laughed without answering. Yet as a boy, bird-nesting up there, he had felt them. Boys, he supposed, imagine things.

"Good and bad," went on Maria. "But not bad ones today or tomorrow. Shakespeare meant the bad spirits. They've gone. They daren't be about at Christmas. But the good ones are about more than ever."

They drove on and came to the place where the narrow lane to the moors forked from the turnpike.

"Turn right, Martin," she said imperiously.

He should have known better than to pull up. He should have driven straight on as fast as he could. He knew quite well that if he gave ground at the start he was likely to lose the whole sparring match. He lost it now, though it was hotly contested.

She said it was madness to go the long way when it was miles shorter over the moor. He reminded her of the hazards of the moor and could have reminded her of nothing more likely to harden her determination. She spoke of the beauty of the day and its extraordinary clarity. What could happen? Was he afraid? She hated cowards. Hadn't he told her he knew the moor like the palm of his hand?

This was a boast he had made when he was courting her. He had boasted of much in those days, he had been so wild to win her, and not all his boasts had been strictly true. Afraid? He flicked his whip over Beauty's back and set him at a canter up the lane.

They drove up and up, the deep banks changing to dry-stone walls, and all about them the great views widened out. Down below, the gentle land looked flat as a child's counterpane, sinking to unreality. This, now, was what was real, this world that was lifted up, the stark hills and the hidden valleys musical with streams, the clear, cold air and the silence.

They seemed the only living creatures in this world; but they could not feel that it belonged to them, as a deserted meadow down below would have seemed their own. They might presently belong to it, but not yet. It held them in the hollow of its hand, watching them; but the hand had not yet closed upon them.

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The bird of dawning

By ELIZABETH GOUDGE

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1961



Over the moor through the thickening mist Maria rode Beauty while Martin, her husband, walked beside her.

They were enjoying themselves. They spoke little, but they looked at each other often and smiled. Below the surface eddies, their love for each other was beginning to cut a steady channel and flow strong and deep. Up here, they were aware that their quarrels, which had secretly worried them both, did not matter. They would subside in time. What each wanted of the other was secretly already in being.

They drove steadily uphill, into the woods and out of them, over the old stone bridges and along the banks of the racing streams, and were too absorbed in each other to notice that the sun had gone in and the sky was veiled. When the mist finally came down, it took them by surprise. But Martin was quite sure he knew the way and repeated the boast about the palm of his hand.

As they went on, he grew silent and angry with Maria because he had not had the strength of mind to stay on the turnpike. He was getting very anxious about her, and more uneasy he was, the more annoyed with her he became. He did not look at her, but now and then she looked at him, at his strong, sullen mouth and fine hands on the reins.

They were lost, of course; but it was fun to be lost with Martin. Presently he would stop being annoyed and then they would be able to enjoy it together.

THEY jolted over a stone in the road and a wheel came off. It was the most extraordinary thing to happen and was beyond Martin's comprehension. They had been going very slowly, and Maria had clung to the side and had not been hurt at all. She aughed at Martin's grave face as he helped her down and held her for a minute in his arms.

"One of the bad ones must have done it," she said. "The last thing it did before it went into hiding over Christmas. Don't worry, Martin. Take Beauty out of the gig, and I'll ride him, and you can walk beside me. We'll soon be there."

"We won't," said Martin. "We're lost, you know."

"Yes, I know, but we're on some sort of road, and it must lead somewhere — to a farm or village."

He did not tell her for how many miles one could follow these tracks and not get any-

Continuing . . . THE BIRD OF DAWNING

from page 51

where. He helped her mount Beauty, wrapped the rug about her, and took one of the lanterns from the gig.

Now they were no longer silent but laughed and talked, in case the other should be feeling low-spirited. Then they fell silent, for it was growing dark and late, the mist was thicker than ever, and instead of going downhill toward the good and gentle land the track was going up and up.

Martin stopped and lighted the lantern, and Maria bent down and tried to see his face. "Martin," she said, "I'm sorry. It was my fault."

He looked up and smiled at her. "My fault, too. We've been a couple of fools together."

"But together," she said. "Are you very tired?"

"No, love. Are you?"

"Of course not," she said indignantly, but in the lantern light he saw that there were dark shadows under her eyes, and his heart seemed to turn over. Ten minutes later she gave a sudden glad cry. "Look, Martin! A garden wall!"



He stopped with an exclamation of astonishment and held up the lantern. The wall was old, buttressed, and strong. Inside was perhaps one of those moor gardens, sheltered from the wind, where in summer herbs and flowers are all knotted together to make a paradise for bees.

It was odd that he had not seen it before, odd that they should have apparently left the track without noticing it, for along the wall and beneath their feet was only a mist-drenched grass. "We'll follow along, Maria," he said. "There must be something here."

They moved on and came to a splendid old archway in the wall. Its iron gates were hospitably open; yet the steep carriage way beyond was almost lost among the brambles and ivy.

rhododendrons that had grown across it.

Holding the lantern high, Martin led Beauty through its tunnel-like windings. He could not see the trees that arched above them, but he knew they must be there because of the soft drip from overhead.

The way widened out suddenly and the glimmer of a white shape startled them. But it was only the stone figure of a boy with a dolphin, standing in the midst of a stone basin, where once there had been a fountain.

Beyond it, broken steps led to a terrace and they could just see a shuttered house and a front door with pillars on either side and a fanlight over it. No light came from the door, but it was open.

It seemed quite natural to them both that Martin should help Maria down and tether Beauty to a tree that grew beside the fountain. Then, hand in hand, they mounted the steps and went inside the house.

"You need a fire, Maria," said Martin, for she was shivering violently. "I'll go round to the back and see if I can find some dry wood."

"There's Beauty," said Maria.

"I'll take him with me. There may be a stable."

He found a stable, with the door open, and found hay in the manger and a bucket of water. Martin was somehow not surprised. In a corner of the stable there were a pile of dry logs and a couple of sacks. He filled both and went round to the front, bent almost double beneath his load.

"Soon have a fire, sweetheart," he said as he lowered the sacks beside the hearth. It was surprising how quickly the flames leaped up the chimney, and when the warmth stole into the room it brought a fragrance with it. Yet it struck him that Maria was being oddly silent. He had expected admiration and congratulations. He looked over his shoulder and saw her with enormous dark eyes in a blanched face.

"Soon have a fire, sweetheart," he said as he lowered the sacks beside the hearth. It was surprising how quickly the flames leaped up the chimney, and when the warmth stole into the room it brought a fragrance with it. Yet it struck him that Maria was being oddly silent. He had expected admiration and congratulations. He looked over his shoulder and saw her with enormous dark eyes in a blanched face.

Once she thought she heard his step in the hall, and she called to him, "Doctor Fothergill! The baby's coming. Please come quickly!"

But he did not come, and she remembered that he could not possibly come. He was miles away. She and the baby were alone in this empty house, and they would die.

She knew she was making no sound, but inside she heard her voice crying in panic. "No! No! No!" she was crying. "I won't die. I won't."

She sat up on the sofa and pushed the heavy hair from her forehead. "No," she said aloud, "I won't. And I won't scream. It's Christmas Eve. Martin will come back."

She lay down again and found she had controlled the terror. Or else something outside had conquered it. Was it the room? Shabby and cobwebbed though it was, it had a safe and friendly look. The small candle flames swaying in the draught and then righting themselves were like flowers blown in the wind. The reflected firelight glowed warmly in the paneling.

The last great wave, the one that had brought her terror nearly to screaming pitch, had receded, and another had not come upon her. Nature was resting, and she was at peace. She began to feel sleepy in the warmth of the fire, and she did not feel alone. She was not alone. She slipped her hand under her cheek and shut her eyes and murmured drowsily, "I am not alone."

In her dream, the fire was still warm and glowing, and the candles were burning; but they were not swaying in the draught because long rose-color curtains hung over the shutters. There were no cobwebs, and the green walls were fresh and clean.

She did not speak, for the other was always just ahead of him, not clearly seen through the mist, but never difficult to follow. Martin could not have found his way through the woods had he not been led, for the path twisted and turned and at times was almost lost beneath the undergrowth.

It seemed hours before the trees thinned and he heard a cock crowing, and then they came out into a deep lane, and there were the lights of a village below. After that, he ran, and soon he was pounding on a cottage door. It opened in a moment, and he was pouring out his story to the kindly

woman who stood there with such comfortable stolidity. He had forgotten the old negro.

When she was alone, Maria tried her best not to be terrified. She had thought she did not know what it was to be afraid, but then, she had never had a baby before. Toothache had been the worst she had known. Never anything like this. Rhythmic pain roared up at her and dragged back like waves breaking, and in the dark curve of each wave, as it broke over her, there was this fear.

She would not have been so terrified if she had not been alone. If Mamma and Doctor Fothergill had been with her she would not have minded. Or if Martin had been able to stay with her they could have held hands, and it would not have been so bad.

But Martin was out in the night and might never find the village. He might fall and hurt himself and not come back. Then she and the baby would die here. They would die without Doctor Fothergill. It was the old doctor she wanted so badly, more than Mamma or Martin.

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like a shower of spring rain when the sun is out. It was like a candle Christmas tree or a child laughing. Maria laughed as she listened to it, and she thought it was her child laughing, her child safely born and grown and clapping his hands at the candle tree. "See how pretty he is," she cried to the woman. "See how he laughs at the tree!"

But the room was growing darker and the music silent. Instead of the rippling notes, Maria heard only the rustling of skirts as the woman came swiftly across the polished floor. "Don't let me wake till I see you," Maria said to her. "Don't let me wake till I see you face."

But she could not hold the dream, and when she woke the cobwebbed room was as before, and no one was there. Yet she felt she was not alone. She lay quietly relaxed, still hearing the laughter of the child. Far away in the distance, she heard a cock crow, and she smiled.

Everyone had a greeting for Doctor Fothergill as he drove down the street in his battered old gig, and for everyone he had a cheery smile, a wave of the hand, or a facetious remark. He was a character. No one could visualise the little town without him. He was old, though no one knew how old. His hair was grey and his rosy, weather-beaten face deeply seamed; but he was stout and robust, and his hearty laugh could be heard almost from one end of the town to the other.

HE held himself so well that it was generally supposed he wore corsets, and possibly he did, for he was a dandy man. He affected an eyeglass, the latest in cravats and waistcoats and curly-brimmed hats.

Even on his country rounds he wore his jewellery — his gold watch with its dangling seals and a couple of fine rings.

He was an excellent doctor. Each patient was as important to him as though he had no other; weather or distance or any trouble of his own had never caused him to refuse a call for help.

Nevertheless, he was glad to be on his way to his warm fireside and his good stout wife, Jemima, and he hoped in heaven's name that he would not be called out over Christmas. There were no babies due just now, for that young husky Maria was not expecting hers for some weeks yet, and he had done his best to put all his old folks into pickle for a day or two — with any luck they should last. His thoughts turned fondly to roast goose and plum pudding.

"Doctor! Doctor!" It was the cry of distress that he knew only too well. A ragged little boy came running across the road to him, dodging under the very noses of the horses.

Cursing profusely, the doctor reined his own horse beside the kerb. "What do you want, boy?" he demanded, as the urchin leaped on to the step of the gig.

"Farmer Mudge, sir, up at Longbaron Farm. Took terrible bad."

Longbaron Farm was on the moor, an isolated place and a lonely ride to get there. "What's the matter with him?" said Doctor Fothergill.

"Dunno, doctor. But I was to say he's terrible bad."

"Blow him," said Doctor Fothergill, and then, sticking in his eyeglass, he had a good look at the small boy clinging to the gig. "Who are you, boy? Never set eyes on you before. Who sent you?"

The boy's dark eyes stared up at him out of a blanched and peaky face. "He's terrible bad, doctor," he pleaded. Then

SIMPLE CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Swim.
5. Selected.
10. As well.
11. Joint inventor of cordite.
12. Fish.
14. Bird.
15. Organ.
16. Negative.
18. German town.
19. Mineral spring.
20. Spinning on tiptoe.
26. Dine too well.
27. Mohammedan judge.
29. Siberian river.
31. Pronoun.
33. Send money.
34. Pertaining to Asia.
35. Hit with the hand.
36. Horse.

1. Foundation.

2. Potash.

3. Emperor.

4. Very warm.

6. Head covering.

7. Musical instrument.

8. Religious discourse.

9. Animals.

13. Follow.

14. Condition.

17. Musical drama.

20. Agreement.
21. Floated buoyantly.
22. Brood-pouch.
23. Particular skill.
24. Separate particular.
25. Ruminant.
28. Interjection.
30. Riviera health resort.
32. English river.
33. Abyssinian prince.
34. 36.

DOWN

1. Foundation.
2. Potash.
3. Emperor.
4. Very warm.
6. Head covering.
7. Musical instrument.
8. Religious discourse.
9. Animals.
13. Follow.
14. Condition.
17. Musical drama.
20. Agreement.
21. Floated buoyantly.
22. Brood-pouch.
23. Particular skill.
24. Separate particular.
25. Ruminant.
28. Interjection.
30. Riviera health resort.
32. English river.
33. Abyssinian prince.
34. 36.

• Solution on page 59.

Continuing . . . THE BIRD OF DAWNING

from page 52

he jumped off the gig and vanished down a side street. Must be one of the Mudge brood, thought Doctor Fothergill as he whipped up his horse and drove on. Yet the Mudge brood were a healthy lot, and if the boy had been one of them, he would have asked for a lift home. It was odd. He wouldn't go. It was Christmas Eve.

Yet at home, when he had clattered into his stableyard in a rage, he flung the reins to his groom and shouted at him to saddle Noah, the strong horse he kept for his country rounds. Indoors, he leaped upstairs two at a time, and while he changed into his riding clothes he roared at Jemima, in the kitchen stuffing the goose, to bring him a hunk of bread and some cheese and a glass of ale.

There was no explanation. Farmer Mudge had sent no message. He did not know the boy. Obviously, some other farm had been meant. There was a muddle somewhere. One thing Farmer Mudge did know was that the doctor must spend the night with them. Only a moor man would be able to find his way in this mist.

"Only a moor man?" said Doctor Fothergill indignantly. "I'll have you know, Mudge, that I could find my way blindfold over the moor before you were born. Thank you, ma'am, I'll take a sup of that soup and then be off home to my wife, Christmas Eve, you know. She wants me at home."

The farmer tried again to dissuade him, for there was a fear at the back of his mind he could not mention aloud. Failing, he offered to go with him.

This suggestion got Doctor Fothergill's back up to an alarming extent. "I know the moor like the palm of my hand," he exploded. "I've only to follow the road straight down. Well, a happy Christmas to you all, and I never tasted better rabbit soup."

He fished up a handful of loose money from his pocket, gave the children sixpence all round, slapped his hat on his head, and stamped away. But for his wife's grip on his coat-tails, Farmer Mudge would have run to the stable for his own horse and followed.

Half an hour later, after a somewhat anxious period of not admitting that he was not quite sure where he was, Doctor Fothergill said, "Aha!" with pleasure and self-congratulation, for through the mist he could recognise a landmark, a parting of the ways where one path led down off the moor and the other branched uphill to the right.

He was familiar with the path to the left, but in spite of his boast that he knew the moor like the palm of his hand he had never followed the way uphill.

His pleasure seemed to have communicated itself to Noah, for the horse suddenly gave a sharp whinny of pleasure, almost as though he had seen another horse, trotted forward, and swung uphill to the right.

"Doctor!" Farmer Mudge cried. "Whatever brings you here at this time of night?"



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"Don't be a fool, Jemima," he growled at her. "I'll be back before morning."

"You'd better be," she said. "It's a beautiful goose. John, if I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times not to wear your gold watch and rings with your riding clothes. It's not suitable."

"Always have worn 'em and always shall," said Doctor Fothergill. He put his arm round her waist, gave her a smacking kiss, and was gone.

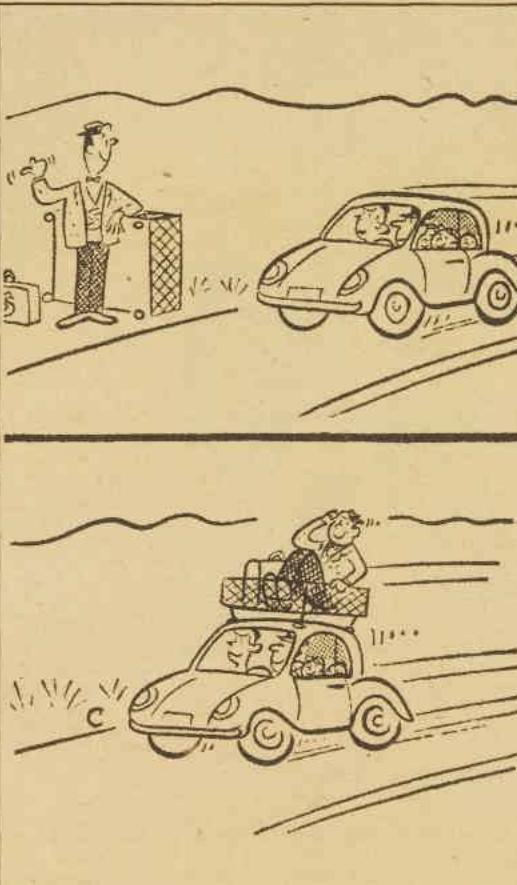
SHE heard him clatter out of the stableyard, then she burst into tears and went back to the goose. Luckily, she was too absorbed in it to notice that the sunlight had gone and the sky was veiled.

Doctor Fothergill noticed it as he rode into the hills. He would be mist-bound quite soon, and he urged his horse forward. Noah was used to the moors and went at a good speed, but Doctor Fothergill still swore under his breath.

An hour later he very nearly missed the farmhouse altogether. If Noah had not swerved to avoid the mounting block by the gate he would have missed it. He was thankful when the door opened at his knock and the warmth and light within flowed out to him, but astonished beyond measure to have it opened by Farmer Mudge himself, stout and healthy as ever.

"Doctor!" Farmer Mudge cried. "Whatever brings you here at this time of night?"

IRON-ON TRANSFER. PATTERN



at a good pace, as though sure of his way. He kept always to the right of the path. Several times Doctor Fothergill tried to coax him to the centre, where it was easier going, but he would not respond to the pressure on the bridle.

It was the strangest ride Doctor Fothergill had ever taken. The mist decreased slightly, but the darkness increased. Sometimes they rode under the dripping darkness of trees, sometimes in the open. Twice they came to a gate, and Doctor Fothergill had to dismount and open it. Each time Noah moved confidently through, keeping to the right.

Once Doctor Fothergill thought a village must be near, for he thought he heard a cock crowing. Then the path moved into a thick wood and went steeply uphill in darkness.

But Noah had no difficulty in keeping to the path, and Doctor Fothergill, though he had not the faintest notion where he was, felt oddly secure and happy, as he had felt ever since he had yielded his will to Noah's.

The wood ended, and they rode under an archway in a stone wall and up a carriage drive. At the foot of some steps, in front of a house where light showed through the chinks of the shutters of a downstairs room, Noah stopped abruptly.

"You would have done it

saddle-bags, and brought them to him. "Hurry, doctor," Martin said. "The room to the left. Hurry!"

"Keep calm, young man," said Doctor Fothergill. "I very much doubt if it is going badly. Look after my horse. He's a good horse." As he passed into the house, he heard a church clock striking in the distance. Midnight. It was no longer Christmas Eve. It was Christmas Day.

At the first cockcrow, that moment of mystery when all living creatures are said to wake and stir and turn again to their rest, but only the cocks give utterance, the boy was born. He was small but quite sturdy, for all he had been in such a hurry to be a Christmas baby.

When he and his mother were sleeping, with Martin to watch over them, Doctor Fothergill went to the kitchen to wash his hands and spruce himself up before riding home to give the good news of a grandson to Maria's parents.

Mrs. Appleodore, the midwife Martin had brought from the village, went with him, so they might discuss the excellent termination of what at one point had very nearly been a difficult confinement.

"You came just in time, sir. I do believe," said Mrs. Appleodore.

"You would have done it

alone, my dear," said Doctor Fothergill.

"I'm not sure, sir. The young gentleman, poor lad, was no help to me. The young lady, she helped herself. She seemed never afraid."

"She's a plucky girl, though devilish headstrong," said Doctor Fothergill. "Who owns this house? Nothing in it but a few rags and sticks of furniture, yet it feels lived in."

"The owner is in foreign parts, sir," said Mrs. Appleodore. "He's a queer gentleman. When his brother died and the house came to him, he sold all the valuable furniture and left the rest. He let the stables to a farmer nearby, but he's never let the house. Means to live here one day, I'm told."

They moved into the hall. There was a window beside the front door, and through it came flooding the first light of Christmas Day. A west wind from the sea had carried the mist away, and one great planet still burned in a clear green sky. Beneath the window, the ground fell away sharply to the glory of the moor.

For a moment, Doctor Fothergill stood at the window, for though he knew the moor so well he could never see it unexpectedly like this without profound awe. As he turned away, he saw a portrait hanging on the paneling close to the window.

It was of a middle-aged man with powdered hair, tied back in a queue. He had straight shoulders and a face of great integrity. Doctor Fothergill looked at it for some time, much moved by it. "Who's that?" he asked. "The owner?"

"Not the present owner, sir. His brother, who died."

"How long ago did he die?"

"Ten years ago, sir. He and his lady lived here for many years. They loved the place. They lived here with an old negro servant. Very attached to them, he was. They had no children, and it was a grief to them. Then suddenly my lady found she was to have a child. She was so happy, and her husband and the old servant, too.

"They were like children, they were so happy. But she died, sir, and the child as well. Her husband and the old servant were heartbroken. They shut up the house and went to foreign parts, but after a few months they both caught a fever and died there. I was glad when I heard it. No one could have wanted them to live without my lady."

It seemed a sad story, but it was not a sad house. Doctor Fothergill thought he had seldom been in a happier one. He opened the parlor door softly, to have a last look at his patient, then beckoned to Mrs. Appleodore to come and see.

She had brought blankets from the village, and Maria lay on a pile of them before the fire. She was asleep, her baby cuddled against her. Martin had stretched out on the floor beside her, and he, too, was asleep.

Utterly relaxed in the deep, dreamless sleep of relief and exhaustion, they looked much younger than their years. They looked like a boy and girl. They had turned a little toward each other in their sleep, the child between them, and Martin had one arm protectively over his wife and son.

The two elderly people tiptoed into the hall. With the door shut, Doctor Fothergill blew his nose loudly. He could never get used to it. He had long ago lost count of the babies he had brought into the world, yet the miracle of it still seemed new and fresh.

He went out and stood on the terrace, and it was the second cockcrow. In the still, crystal-clear air, he could hear the small trumpets sounding in all

directions. Then the fanfare was silent, there was a moment's pause, and the Christmas bells began to ring. A child was born.

A month later, Doctor Fothergill was called to the bedside of a sick man. He was a scoundrel the law had been after for some while, and he had been caught at last red-handed—robbery with violence. Doctor Fothergill was to patch him up to be hanged; but to his relief he found the man dying.

It would be a matter of an hour or less, and there was nothing he could do but keep the poor fellow company.

He was a hardbitten criminal, but he was a man, and the mystery of death had always stirred Doctor Fothergill's deep compassion only a little less than the miracle of birth.

He sat with his hand lightly on the man's wrist, and he asked him his name and was told it was Tom Badger.

The doctor repeated the name quietly, with emphasis, as though he liked it.

H

E believed it gives the dying a sense of their own value, a sense of being cared for as an individual, to say the name like that. Especially a fellow like this scoundrel, for whom probably no one had ever cared at all.

The man was silent for a while, and then he said, "You're lucky, doctor."

"Lucky?" asked Doctor Fothergill.

"You nearly had my knife in your back on Christmas Eve."

Doctor Fothergill answered pleasantly, "How was that, Tom?"

"Do you call to mind the boy who brought you a message from Longbenton Farm? I bribed him to give it. I was after your watch and rings and the money in your pockets. I was desperate that night."

His voice died away, and Doctor Fothergill waited. Presently the man went on, as though he were anxious to get his story told with the last strength he had. "I missed you going up, the mist was that thick."

"Coming down, I thought I couldn't fail. I was in the bushes just below where the way forks. I was almost as near to you as I am now. I'd have let you pass me and then sprung at you."

"What stopped you, Tom?"

"You turned off right, and I was afraid to go after you. I didn't do it. Not with the two of you."

Doctor Fothergill said, "I was alone, Tom."

"No, sir. There was another horseman wheeled in alongside of you."

Doctor Fothergill remained quietly relaxed in his chair, but for just a moment the wretched little room seemed to sway about him. Then it steadied, and he said, "What did he look like, Tom?"

"A straight back, he had. Grey hair tied with a ribbon. I see his face as clear as though the moon shone on it; though that's queer, when you call to mind how thick the mist was. But I see his face clear, and I was afraid of him."

Doctor Fothergill had to bend over to catch the last words. The man seemed to be going.

But a few minutes later he opened his eyes and said clearly, "So you'd best leave me, doctor. You'd have had my knife in your back if I hadn't been afraid."

Doctor Fothergill understood his meaning. He did not wish in his dying moments to claim a sympathy to which he had no right. Deep in his soul, at the last, there had come a movement of truth.

The doctor's hand tightened a little on the man's wrist. "I'll not leave you, Tom," he said

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A CARD AT CHRISTMAS

An appealing short story complete on this page

By DEIRDRE HILL

IT was hot in the tiny flat at the top of the building, and the old man, picking up his hat, thought with pleasure of the cool walk he had planned to the shops.

With his hat on his head and putting his pocket to make sure his wallet was still there, he looked around the living-room, smiled at the tinsel draped over the vase of Christmas bush on the mantelshelf, and walked to the door.

Emily had done the decorating. She still liked to think of Christmas as a day apart, something special. But to him, after all these years, it was just another day. Different when Robbie had been young, or even when he had grown up and they had visited him and his wife for a festive dinner.

Now it was nothing. Just a day that made him feel a little older. But Emily likes it, he said quietly to himself, and, opening the door, closed it behind him and walked across to the stairs.

Down on the first landing, the door to Mrs. Fuller's flat stood ajar. He could see her in her living-room arranging the mantelshelf, and as he walked by she turned and called to him. "Oh, Mr. Jenkins," she said, "just a moment, I hope you haven't forgotten to stoke the furnace today. Remember last year—no hot water. We'll be in no end of bother if you forget again."

Once he had forgotten to stoke up the hot-water furnace and he had had to spend the morning re-lighting it. That meant his other chores around the flats had to wait, and Mrs. Fuller had never ceased to remind him.

He put up with it, he put up with a lot. Without this job they would not have the little flat, and Emily was content there. "Don't you worry, Mrs. Fuller," he called to her, "everything will be done, it'll be done."

"Well, I hope so," she said, then smiled at him and fluttered her hands as she moved to the door and opened it wider. "Do look, Mr. Jenkins, isn't that a wonderful array. Seventy-nine so far, and there are still three days to go. There's no doubt about it, Christmas cards certainly make things exciting.

"You know, I just wait and wait every day for the postman. He's due soon. I might even end up with a hundred cards this year. I should, you know, I sent a hundred out, and what with postage now and the price of the cards! But it's worth it. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Wright, the one at Beeton, she had sixty-three last year and never stopped talking about it. Just wait till she comes here on Friday." The woman threw her head back, then turned again to her task over her fireplace.

The old man moved slowly on, calling goodbye, and stepped heavily down the last flight of stairs.

The postman had been and the box was filled with white envelopes. He sat on the bottom step and began sorting them. He picked up the group addressed to the Wynnes and put the others back into the box on the door, moved to the closed door on his right and knocked.

A young woman answered, and smiling in greeting he held the mail out for her. "Quite a bundle for you, Mrs. Wynne. Christmas not far off now, is it?"

"Oh, thank you, Jenkins," she said, searching quickly through the stack. "Mostly cards by the look of it." She sighed. "I do hope we remembered to send one to everyone. It's so embarrassing don't you think, when one comes as late as this and you've forgotten?"

"Moving and all," she explained, "we lost a lot of addresses, and then people don't know where we are . . ." her face was worried, her voice anxious, "if it's not one thing it's another at Christmas time, don't you find, Mr. Jenkins?"

"It's a busy time for some," he answered, and as she closed her door he shuffled down the hall toward the street.

A busy time for some, he thought. Yes, I suppose it was when you had a family around you, grandchildren. What a lot he and Emily had missed. Their own fault, he thought. They should have had more than one child, and then possibly they would have had swarms of grandchildren. Not that the lack really troubled him. He really liked peace and quiet, but Emily would have been happier; there would have been something in her life worth living for. As it was now . . . He sighed as he pushed open the hall door and stepped out into the street.

Outside the breeze was blowing as he had guessed. People were hurrying past, parcel-laden, hot-looking, tired. He walked slowly, looking at the houses, and further down the street into the shop windows.

Little Janice Collins was peering into the window of the shop next door, and he moved up to her. "Hello, Jan," he said.



Heedless of the bustle around him, he carefully followed the signature on the letter and slowly wrote the words on his card.

She answered despondently. "Oh, hello, Mr. Jenkins, it's hot, isn't it."

"Indeed it is," he smiled at her. "Isn't there a cooler place you could find? There should be a breeze through your living-room window."

The little girl lived in his block of flats with her parents. He and she often had long chats with her. She liked to follow him as he worked about the building.

"Not allowed," she said. "Our flat's full of ladies. Mummy's having a Christmas party. There's hats and things all over her bed, and an awful noise in the living-room. She told me to play, and I didn't want to be there, anyway."

"What about your friend Anita?"

"She's busy. They went to town."

He took off his hat and wiped his head with his handkerchief. He was anxious to be on his way. He did not want to be late, and with all these people about it would probably be quite a while before he finished.

"Why is everyone in such a hurry when it's Christmas?"

Janice asked.

"Well now, people sort of—he thought for a moment—"well, they're catching up on things. There's a long holiday to think about. Everyone does everything before Christmas. Then they can relax, have a rest."

"My mummy and daddy are busy before Christmas, and they're busy afterwards, too. They don't have a rest. They go out all the time."

The child puzzled him. She was lonely, he knew, but today he could not stop and talk with her. "What about helping me with the furnace later on?" he said. "Come down to the cellar at about five o'clock and you can put some coke on for me. All right?"

Her face brightened for a moment, and she waved to him as he walked on, then turned her head back and gazed again into the shop window.

The stationer's shop was crowded, but he found a corner at the card counter and with infinite care chose a card and walked with it over to the main counter.

He knew Miss Saunders well, but she was busy and he did not have his customary chat, just asked for the shilling packet of foreign stamps and a tube of glue. With his purchases

he went to a corner where a pen was kept on a small shelf and put everything down beside him.

From his wallet he took a much-handled letter, and smoothing the creases with the side of his hand studied the signature. Then laboriously he wrote, "love from Robbie," at the bottom of the card, and addressed the envelope.

He folded the letter, put it back in his wallet, put the card in its envelope, licked it, and rubbed it down; then choosing a stamp from the little packet he smeared some glue from the tube and pasted it in the corner.

He looked at his work critically, then smiled gently to himself and put it carefully into his coat pocket.

His steps back along the road seemed light; a little smile played at the corners of his mouth. He thought of Emily and the wonderful look he always saw in her eyes the day he fixed the card from Robbie. It was worth it. Just to keep that flame alive in her, to keep her thinking that Robbie their son was well wherever he might be.

The old man sighed to himself. Five years since Robbie had lost his young wife and gone away. Five years without a word, but somehow in his heart he knew he was all right. He could feel it; but Emily needed more.

The climb up the steps left him out of breath and he leaned against the door and breathed quickly for a few moments before he turned the key in the latch. With his hand at his pocket he walked into the living-room and saw Emily standing in front of the mantelshelf, her eyes shining.

The Christmas bush was there, the tinsel, and right in the centre stood a Christmas card. "Well, well," he said with a laugh, "now who could be sending us a card, Emily?"

"Don't tease, Bob," she said, "you know quite well where our card comes from each year." Then softly, with her eyes moist—"It's arrived. Robbie's card."

With bursting heart he took down the card and turned to the inside and there under the verse was his son's handwriting, "Home soon, Love, Robbie."

His hand went out to her and he placed his arm around her shoulder. Neither spoke as they looked at their Christmas card.

"You see," she said, "he never once forgot. Not in all the years he's been away. He never forgot."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1961

The Pale Horse

It was a question of a
man's identification . . .
part three of our serial

BY AGATHA
CHRISTIE

RUNNING into an old friend, JIM CORRIGAN, a police surgeon, I, MARK EASTERBROOK, heard how a priest, FATHER GORMAN, had been murdered. The police were investigating a list of nine names he had made after visiting a dying woman, MRS. DAVIS, a widow, who had worked for a consumer research firm.

My late godmother's name, HESKETH-DUBOIS, was on the list and two other names I had heard recently, Tuckerton and Delafontaine. A few weeks before, I had seen a girl, THOMASINA TUCKERTON, in a hair-pulling fight and later had seen her name in the death notices. The other name, MARY DELAFONTINE, had been mentioned when a friend of mine, MRS. OLIVER, had told me she knew someone by that name who had a mysterious illness.

Corrigan mentioned the word "wickedness" and something about a horse. It was the third time I had heard talk about horses lately. At a party, a girl, POPPY, had mentioned the Pale Horse, where, she said, you could hire murderers. Also, when I had asked Mrs. Oliver to attend a fete, my cousin, RHODA DESPARD, was running, she recalled an old inn called the Pale Horse.

Meanwhile, unknown to me, DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR LEJEUNE had interviewed MR. OSBORNE, a chemist, who had given a good description of a man who had followed the priest on the night of the murder.

After the fete Rhoda, Mrs. Oliver, myself, and another guest, GINGER, visited MR. VENABLES, a rich, crippled neighbor, and later called on THYRZA GREY, SYBIL STAMFORDIS, and their cook, BELLA, who live in the converted inn and who dabble in witchcraft. I was chilled by Thyrsa's talk of people holding a death wish and to learn they had expected me to call. NOW READ ON:



"Inspector Lejeune!" Mr. Osborne exclaimed. "What an unexpected pleasure this is, to see you here."

RHODA came through the open door, the others behind her. "So there you are! We wondered where you were," she said. She looked round her. "This is where you hold your seances, isn't it?"

"You're well informed." Thyrsa Grey laughed breezily. "In a village everyone knows your business better than you do. We've a splendid sinister reputation, so I've heard. A hundred years ago it would have been sink or swim or the funeral pyre. My great-great-aunt—or one or two more greats—was burned as a witch, I believe, in Ireland. Those were the days!"

"I always thought you were Scottish?"

"On my father's side—hence the second sight. Irish on my mother's. Sybil is our pythoness, originally of Greek extraction. Bella represents Old English."

"A macabre human cocktail," remarked Colonel Despard.

"As you say."

"Fun!" said Ginger.

Thyrsa shot her a quick glance.

"Yes, it is in a way." She turned to Mrs. Oliver. "You should write one of your books about a murder by black magic. I can give you a lot of dope about it."

Mrs. Oliver blinked and looked embarrassed.

She said apologetically, "I only write very plain murders." Her tone was of one who says "I only do plain cooking."

"Just about people who want other people out of the way and try to be clever about it," she said.

"They're usually too clever for me," said Colonel Despard. He glanced at his watch. "Rhoda, I think—"

"Oh yes, we must go. It's much later than I thought."

Thanks and good-byes were said. We did not go back through the house but round to a side gate.

"You keep a lot of poultry," remarked Colonel Despard, looking into a wired enclosure.

"I hate hens," said Ginger. "They cluck in such an irritating way."

"Mostly cockerels they be." It was Bella who spoke. She had come out from a back door.

"White cockerels," I said.

"Table birds?" asked Despard.

Bella said, "They're useful to us."

Her mouth widened in a long curving line across the pudgy shapelessness of her face. Her eyes had a sly, knowing look.

"They're Bella's province," said Thyrsa Grey lightly.

We said good-bye and Sybil Stamfordis appeared from the open front door to join in speeding the parting guests.

"I don't like that woman," said Mrs. Oliver as we drove off. "I don't like her at all."

"You mustn't take old Thyrsa too seriously," said Despard

indulgently. "She enjoys spouting all that stuff and seeing what effect it has on you."

"I didn't mean her. She's an unscrupulous woman, with a keen eye on the main chance. But she's not dangerous like the other one."

"Bella? She is a bit uncanny, I'll admit."

"I didn't mean her, either," Mrs. Oliver said. "I meant the Sybil one. She seems just silly. All those beads and draperies and all the stuff about voodoo, and all those fantastic reincarnations she was telling us about. (Why is it that anybody who was a kitchenmaid or an ugly old peasant never seems to get reincarnated? It's always Egyptian princesses or beautiful Babylonian slaves. Very fishy.)

"But all the same, though she's stupid, I have a feeling that she could really do things—make queer things happen. I always put things badly—but I mean she could be used—by something—in a way just because she is so silly. I don't suppose anyone understands what I mean," she finished pathetically.

"I do," said Ginger. "And I shouldn't wonder if you weren't right."

"We really ought to go to one of their seances," said Rhoda wistfully. "It might be rather fun."

"No, you don't," said Despard firmly. "I'm not having you getting mixed up in any of that sort of thing."

They fell into a laughing argument. I roused myself only when I heard Mrs. Oliver asking about trains the next morning.

"You can drive back with me," I said.

Mrs. Oliver looked doubtful.

"I think I'd better go by train—"

"Oh, come now. You've driven with me before. I'm a most reliable driver."

"It's not that, Mark. But I've got to go to a funeral tomorrow. So I mustn't be late getting back to town." She sighed. "I do hate going to funerals."

"Must you?"

"I think I must in this case. Mary Delafontaine was a very old friend—and I think she'd want me to go. She was that sort of a person."

"Of course," I exclaimed. Delafontaine—of course."

The others stared at me, surprised.

"Sorry," I said. "It's only—that—well, I was wondering where I'd heard the name Delafontaine lately. It was you, wasn't it?" I looked at Mrs. Oliver. "You said something about visiting her—in a nursing home."

"Did I? Quite likely."

"What did she die of?"

Mrs. Oliver wrinkled her forehead.

"Toxic polyneuritis—something like that."

Ginger was looking at me curiously. She had a sharp, penetrating glance.

As we got out of the car, I said abruptly:

"I think I'll go for a bit of a walk. Such a lot of food. That wonderful lunch and tea on top of it. It has got to be worked off somehow."

I went off briskly before anyone could offer to accompany me. I wanted badly to get by myself and sort out my ideas. What was all this business? Let me at least get it clear to myself. It had started, had it not, with that casual but startling remark by Poppy that if you wanted to "get rid of someone," the Pale Horse was the place to go.

Following on that, there had been my meeting with Jim Corrigan, and his list of "names"—as connected with the death of Father Gorman. On that list had been the name of Hesketh-Dubois and the name of Tuckerton, causing me to hark back to that evening at Luigi's coffee bar. There had been the name of Delafontaine, too, vaguely familiar. It was Mrs. Oliver who had mentioned it, in connection with a sick friend. The sick friend was now dead.

After that, I had, for some reason which I couldn't quite identify, gone to see Poppy in her floral bower. And Poppy had denied vehemently any knowledge of such an institution as the Pale Horse. More significant still, Poppy had been afraid.

Today—there had been Thyrsa Grey.

But surely the Pale Horse and its occupants was one thing and that list of names something separate, quite unconnected. Why on earth was I coupling them together in my mind?

Why should I imagine for one moment that there was any connection between them?

Mrs. Delafontaine had presumably lived in London. Thomasina Tuckerton's home had been somewhere in Surrey. No one on that list had any connection with the little village of Much Deeping. Unless—

I was just coming abreast of the King's Arms. The King's Arms was a genuine pub with a superior look about it and a freshly painted announcement of Lunches, Dinners, and Teas.

I pushed its door open and went inside. The bar, not yet open, was on my left, on my right was a minute lounge smelling of stale smoke. By the stairs was a notice: Office. The office consisted of a glass window, firmly closed, and a printed card—Press Bell.

The whole place had the deserted air of a pub at this particular time of day. On a shelf by the office window was a battered registration book for visitors. I opened it and flicked through the pages. It was not much patronised. There were five or six entries, perhaps, in a week, mostly for one night only. I flicked back the pages, noting the names.

To page 56

It was not long before I shut the book. There was still no one about. There were really no questions I wanted to ask at this stage. I went out again into the soft damp afternoon.

Was it only coincidence that someone called Sandford and someone else called Parkinson had stayed at the King's Arms during the last year? Both names were on Corrigan's list. Yes, but they were not particularly uncommon names. But I had noted one other name—the name of Martin Digby. If it was the Martin Digby I knew, he was the great-nephew of the woman I had always called Aunt Min—Lady Hesketh-Dubois.

I strode along, unseeing where I was going. I wanted very badly to talk to someone. To Jim Corrigan. Or to David Ardingly. Or to Hermia, with her calm good sense. I was alone with my chaotic thoughts and I didn't want to be alone. What I wanted, frankly, was someone who would argue me out of the things that I was thinking.

It was after about half an hour of tramping muddy lanes that I finally turned in at the gates of the vicarage and made my way up a singularly ill-kept drive, to pull a rusty looking bell at the side of the front door.

"It doesn't ring," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop, appearing at the door with the unexpectedness of a genie.

I had already suspected that fact.

"They've mended it twice," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "But it never lasts. So I have to keep alert. In case it's something important. It's important with you, isn't it?"

"It—well—yes, it is important—to me, I mean."

"That's what I meant, too." She looked at me thoughtfully. "Yes, it's quite bad. I can see—Who do you want? The vicar?"

"I—I'm not sure."

IT had been the vicar I came to see—but now, unexpectedly, I was doubtful. I didn't quite know how. But immediately Mrs. Dane Calthrop told me.

"My husband's a very good man," she said. "Besides being the vicar, I mean. And that makes things difficult sometimes. Good people, you see, don't really understand evil." She paused and then said with a kind of brisk efficiency, "I think it had better be me."

A faint smile came to my lips. "Is evil your department?" I asked.

"Yes, it is. It's important in a parish to know all about the various—well—sins that are going on."

"Isn't sin your husband's province? His official business, so to speak?"

"The forgiveness of sins," she corrected me. "He can give absolution. I can't. But I," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop with the utmost cheerfulness, "can get sin arranged and classified for him. And if one knows about it one can help to prevent its harming other people. One can't help the people them-

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 55

selves. I can't, I mean. Only God can call to repentance, you know—or perhaps you don't know. A lot of people don't know. A lot of people don't know nowadays."

"I can't compete with your expert knowledge," I said, "but I would like to prevent people being harmed."

She shot me a quick glance. "It's like that, is it? You'd better come in and we'll be comfortable."

The vicarage sitting-room was big and shabby. It was much shaded by a gargantuan Victorian shrubbery that no one seemed to have had the energy to curb. But the dimness was not gloomy, for some peculiar reason. It was, on the contrary, restful. All the large shabby chairs bore the impress of resting bodies in them over the years. A fat clock on the chimney piece ticked with a heavy comfortable regularity.

Here there would always be time to talk, to say what you wanted to say, to relax from the cares brought about by the bright day outside.

Here, I felt, round-eyed girls had confided their troubles to Mrs. Dane Calthrop and received sound, if not always orthodox, advice; here angry relatives had unb burdened themselves over their in-laws; here mothers had explained that their Bob was not a bad boy, just high-spirited, and that to send him away to an approved school was absurd. Husbands and wives had discussed marital difficulties.

And here was I, Mark Eastbrook, scholar, author, man of the world, confronting a grey-haired weather-beaten woman with fine eyes, prepared to lay my troubles in her lap. Why? I didn't know. I only had that odd surety that she was the right person.

"We've just had tea with Thyrza Grey," I began.

Explaining things to Mrs. Dane Calthrop was never difficult. She leaped to meet you.

"Oh I see. It's upset you? Those three are a bit much to take, I agree. I've wondered myself . . . So much boasting. As a rule, in my experience, the really wicked don't boast. They can keep quiet about their wickedness. It's if your sins aren't really bad that you want so much to talk about them. Sin's such a wretched, mean, ignoble little thing. It's terribly necessary to make it seem grand and important."

"Village witches are usually silly ill-natured old women who like frightening people, and getting something for nothing that way. Terribly easy to do, of course. When Mrs. Brown's hens die all you have to do is nod your head and say darkly: 'Ah, her Billy teased my Pussy last Tuesday week.' Bella Webb might be only a witch of that kind. But she might, she just might, be something more . . . Something that's lasted on from a very early age, and which crops up now and then in country places.

"It's frightening when it does, because there's real

malevolence—not just a desire to impress. Sybil Stamford is one of the silliest women I've ever met—but she really is a medium—whatever a medium may be. Thyrza—I don't know . . . What did she say to you? It was something that she said that's upset you, I suppose?"

"You have great experience, Mrs. Dane Calthrop. Would you say, from all you know and have heard, that a human being could be destroyed from a distance without visible connection, by another human being?"

Mrs. Dane Calthrop's eyes opened a little wider.

"When you say destroyed, you mean, I take it, killed? A plain physical fact?"

"Yes." "I should say it was nonsense," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop robustly.

"Ah!" I said, relieved.

"But, of course, I might be

the list of names I had copied from the paper Dr. Corrigan had shown me.

Mrs. Dane Calthrop looked down at it, frowning.

"I see," she said. "And these people? What have they all in common?"

"We're not sure. It might be blackmail—or dope . . ."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "That's not what's worrying you. What you really believe is—that they're all dead?"

I gave a deep sigh.

"Yes," I said. "That's what I believe. But I don't really know that that is so. Three of them are dead. Minnie Hesketh-Dubois, Thomasina Tuckerton, Mary Delafontaine. All three died in their beds from natural causes. Which is what Thyrza Grey claims would happen."

"You mean she claims she made it happen?"

"No, no. She wasn't speaking of any actual people. She was expounding what she be-



"How does the food look, Byron?"

quite wrong," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "My father said that airships were nonsense, and my great-grandfather probably said that railway trains were nonsense. They were both quite right. At that time they both were impossible. But they're not impossible now. What does Thyrza do, activate a death ray or something? Or do they all three draw pentagrams and wish?"

I smiled.

"You're making things come into focus," I said. "I must have let that woman hypnotise me."

"Oh no," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop. "You wouldn't do that. You're not really the suggestive type. There must have been something else. Something that happened first. Before all this."

"You're quite right," I told her then as simply as I could with an economy of words, of the murder of Father Gorman, and of the casual mention in the nightclub of the Pale Horse. Then I took from my pocket

lieves to be a scientific possibility."

"Which appears on the face of it to be nonsense," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop thoughtfully.

"I know. I would just have been polite about it and laughed to myself, if it hadn't been for that curious mention of the Pale Horse."

"Yes," said Mrs. Dane Calthrop musingly. "The Pale Horse. That's suggestive."

She was silent a moment.

Then she raised her head.

"It's bad," she said. "It's very bad. Whatever is behind it, it's got to be stopped. But you know that."

"Well, yes . . . But what can one do?"

"That you'll have to find out. But there's no time to be lost." Mrs. Dane Calthrop rose to her feet, a whirlwind of activity. "You must get down to it—at once." She considered. "Haven't you got some friend who could help you?"

I thought. Jim Corrigan? A busy man with little time, and already probably doing all he could. David Ardingly—but would David believe a word? Herma? Yes, there was Herma. A clear brain, admirable logic. A tower of strength if she could be persuaded to become an ally. After all, she and I—I did not finish the sentence. Herma was my steady—Herma was the person.

"You've thought of someone? Good."

Mrs. Dane Calthrop was brisk and businesslike.

"I'll keep an eye on the Three Witches. I still feel that they are—somehow—not really the answer. It's like when the Stamford woman dishes out a lot of idiocy about

Egyptian mysteries and prophecies from the Pyramid texts. All she says is plain balderdash."

Corrigan looked at him curiously.

"So you think there may be something in it? What are you going to do about it?"

"There will be no harm, in any case, in making a few discreet inquiries about this Mr. Venables of—" he referred to the letter—"of Priors Court, Much Deeping."

"What exciting things happen in the country!" said Hermia lightly.

We had just finished dinner. A pot of black coffee was in front of us—

I looked at her. The words were not quite what I had expected. I had spent the last quarter of an hour in telling her my story. She had listened intelligently and with interest. But her response was not at all what I had expected. The tone of her voice was indulgent—the seemed neither shocked nor stirred.

"People who say that the country is dull and the cities full of excitement don't know what they are talking about," she went on. "The last of the witches have gone to cover in the tumble-down cottage, black masses are celebrated in remote manor houses by decadent young men. Superstition runs rife in isolated hamlets. Middle-aged spinsters clank their false scarabs and hold seances and planchette runs luridly over sheets of blank paper. One could really write a very amusing series of articles on it all. Why don't you try your hand?"

"I don't think you really understand what I've been telling you, Hermia."

"But I do, Mark! I think it's all tremendously interesting. It's a page out of history, all the lingering forgotten lore of the Middle Ages."

"I'm not interested historically," I said irritably. "I'm interested in the facts. In a list of names on a sheet of paper. I know what has happened to some of those people. What's going to happen or has happened to the rest?"

"Aren't you letting yourself get rather carried away?"

"No," I said obstinately. "I don't think so. I think the menace is real. And I'm not alone in thinking so. The vicar's wife agrees with me."

"Oh, the vicar's wife!" Hermia's voice was scornful.

"No, not the vicar's wife like that! She's a very unusual woman. This whole thing is real, Hermia."

HERMIA shrugged her shoulders. "Perhaps," she said.

"But you don't think so?"

"I think your imagination is running away with you a little, Mark. I dare say the old girls are quite genuine in believing it all themselves. I'm sure they're very nasty old girls!"

"But not really sinister?"

"Really, Mark, how can they be?"

I was silent for a moment. My mind wavered—turning from light to darkness and back again. The darkness of the Pale Horse, the light that Hermia represented. Good everyday sensible light—the electric light bulb firmly fixed in its socket, illuminating all the dark corners. Nothing there—nothing at all—just the everyday objects you always find in a room. But yet—but yet—Hermia's light, clear as it might make things seem, was, after all, an artificial light . . .

My mind swung back, reluctantly, obstinately.

"I want to look into it all, Hermia. Get to the bottom of what's going on."

"I agree. I think you should.

It might be quite interesting.

In fact, really rather fun."

"Not fun!" I said sharply.

I went on: "I wanted to ask you if you'd help me, Hermia?"

"Help you? How?"

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By RUD



All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 56

"Help me to investigate. Get right down to what this is all about."

"But, Mark, dear, just at present I'm most terribly busy. There's my article for the 'Journal.' And the Byzantium thing. And I've promised two of my students—"

Her voice went on reasonably — sensibly — I hardly listened.

"I see," I said. "You've too much on your plate already."

"That's it," Hermia was clearly relieved at my acquiescence. She smiled at me. Once again I was struck by her expression of indulgence. Such indulgence as a mother might show over her little son's absorption in his new toy.

Damn it all, I wasn't a little boy. I wasn't looking for a mother — certainly not that kind of a mother. My own mother had been charming and feckless; and everyone in sight, including her son, had adored looking after her.

I CONSIDERED Hermia dispassionately across the table.

So handsome, so mature, so intellectual, so well read! And so — how could one put it? So — yes, so damnable dull.

The next morning I tried to get hold of Jim Corrigan — without success. I left a message, however, that I'd be in between six and seven, if he could come for a drink. He was a busy man, I knew, and I doubted if he would be able to come at such short notice, but he turned up all right at about ten minutes to seven.

While I was getting him a whisky he wandered round looking at my pictures and books. He remarked finally that he wouldn't have minded being a Mogul Emperor himself instead of a hard-preserved overworked police surgeon.

"Though, I dare say," he remarked as he settled down in a chair, "that they suffered a good deal from woman trouble. At least I escape that."

"You're not married, then?"

"No fear. And no more are you, I should say, from the comfortable mess in which you live. A wife would tidy all that up in next to no time."

I told him that I didn't think women were as bad as he made out.

I took my drink to the chair opposite him and began:

"You must wonder why I wanted to get hold of you so urgently, but, as a matter of fact, something has come up that may have a bearing on what we were discussing the last time we met."

"What was that? — oh, of course. The Father Gorman business."

"Yes — But first, does the phrase The Pale Horse mean anything to you?"

"The Pale Horse . . . The Pale Horse — No, I don't think so — why?"

"Because I think it's possible that it might have a connection with that list of names you showed me — I've been down in the country with friends — at a place called Much Deeping, and they took me to an old pub, or what was once a pub, called The Pale Horse."

"Wait a bit! Much Deeping? Much Deeping . . . Is it anywhere near Bournemouth?"

"It's about fifteen miles or so from Bournemouth."

"I suppose you didn't come across anyone called Venables down there?"

"Certainly I did."

"You did?" Corrigan sat up in some excitement. "You certainly have a knack of going places! What is he like?"

"He's a most remarkable man."

"What's unutterable balderdash!"

"It is, isn't it?"

"Of course it is! What's the matter with you, Mark? White cockerels. Sacrifices, I suppose?"

"Principally in the force of his personality. Although he's completely crippled by polio —"

Corrigan interrupted me sharply —

"What?"

"He had polio some years ago. He's paralysed from the waist down."

Corrigan threw himself back in his chair with a look of disgust.

"That tears it! I thought it was too good to be true."

"I don't understand what you mean?"

Corrigan said, "You'll have to meet the D.D.I. Divisional Detective-Inspector Lejeune. He'll be interested in what you have to say. When Gorman was killed Lejeune asked for information from anyone who had seen him in the street that night. Most of the answers were useless, as is usual."

"But there was a pharmacist, name of Osborne, who has a shop in those parts. He reported having seen Gorman pass his place that night, and he also

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



woman for the money in the till."

"You prefer your glandular theory?"

He grinned.

"All right. All right. I'm a theorist, too. Admitted. But there's a good physical reason behind my theory — if I can ever get at it. But all this subconscious stuff! Pah!"

"You don't believe in it?"

"Of course I believe in it. But these chaps take it much too far. The unconscious 'death wish' and all that, there's something in it, of course, but not nearly so much as they make out."

"But there is such a thing," I persisted.

"You'd better go and buy yourself a book on psychology and read all about it."

"Thyra Grey claims that she knows all there is to know."

"Thyra Grey!" he snorted. "What does a half-baked spinner in a country village know about mental psychology?"

"She says she knows a lot."

"As I said before, balderdash!"

"That," I remarked, "is what

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Short stories should be from

2000 to 4000 words; short short

stories, 1100 to 1400 words;

articles, 5000 to 6000 words. Enclose stamp to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

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people have always said about any discovery that doesn't accord with recognised ideas. Iron ships? Balderdash! Flying-machines? Balderdash! Frogs twitching their legs on railings —"

He interrupted me.

"So you've swallowed all this, hook, line, and sinker?"

"Not at all," I said. "I just wanted to know if there is any scientific basis for it."

Corrigan snorted.

"Scientific basis my foot!"

"All right. I just wanted to know."

"You'll be saying next she's the Woman with the Box."

"What Woman with a Box?"

"Just one of the wild stories that turn up from time to time — by Nostradamus out of Mother Shipton. Some people will swallow anything."

"You might at least tell me how you are getting on with that list of names."

"The boys have been hard at work, but these things take time and a lot of routine work. Names without addresses or Christian names aren't easy to trace or identify."

"Let's take it from a different angle. I'll be willing to bet you one thing. Within a fairly recent period — say a year to a year and a half — every one of those names has appeared on a death certificate. Am I right?"

He gave me a queer look.

"You're right — for what it's worth."

"That's the thing they all have in common — death."

"Yes, but that mayn't mean as much as it sounds, Mark. Have you any idea how many people die every day in the British Isles? And some of those names are quite common — which doesn't help."

"Delafontaine," I said. "Mary Delafontaine. That's not a very common name, is it? The funeral was last Tuesday, I understand."

He shot me a quick glance.

"How do you know that? Saw it in the paper, I suppose."

"I heard it from a friend of hers."

"There was nothing fishy about her death. I can tell you that. In fact, there's been nothing questionable about any of the deaths the police have been investigating. If they were 'accidents' it might be suspicious. But the deaths are all perfectly normal deaths. Pneumonia, cerebral haemorrhage, tumor on the brain, gall stones, one case of polio — nothing in the least suspicious."

NODDING agreement, I said, "Not accident. Not poisoning. Just plain illnesses leading to death. Just as Thyra Grey claims."

"Are you really suggesting that that woman can cause someone she's never seen, miles away, to catch pneumonia and die of it?"

"I'm not suggesting such a thing. She did. I think it's fantastic and I'd like to think it's impossible. But there are certain curious factors. There's the casual mention of a pale horse — in connection with the removal of unwanted persons. There is a place called the Pale Horse — and the woman who lives there practically boasts that such an operation is possible."

"Also living in that neighbourhood is a man who is recognised very positively as the man who was seen following Father Gorman on the night that he was killed — the night when he had been called to a dying woman who was heard to speak of 'great wickedness.' Rather a lot of coincidences, don't you think?"

"The man couldn't have been Venables, since according to you he's been paralysed for years."

"It isn't possible, from the medical point of view, that that paralysis could be faked?"

"Of course not. The limbs would be atrophied."

AS I READ THE STARS

By EVE HILLIARD: Week starting December 25

ARIES

MAR. 21-APR. 20

* Lucky number this week, 3. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.

TAURUS

APR. 21-MAY 20

* Lucky number this week, 4. Gambling colors, orange, tan. Lucky days, Tues., Saturday.

GEMINI

MAY 21-JUNE 21

* Lucky number this week, 2. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Wed., Friday.

CANCER

JUNE 22-JULY 22

* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, green, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday.

LEO

JULY 23-AUG. 23

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, tricolor. Lucky days, Thurs., Sunday.

VIRGO

AUG. 23-SEPT. 22

* Lucky number this week, 9. Gambling colors, rose, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.

LIBRA

SEPT. 23-OCT. 23

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Fri., Saturday.

SCORPIO

OCT. 24-NOV. 23

* Lucky number this week, 5. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.

SAGITTARIUS

NOV. 24-DEC. 22

* Lucky number this week, 6. Gambling colors, navy, green. Lucky days, Mon., Thursday.

CAPRICORN

DEC. 21-JAN. 19

* Lucky number this week, 7. Gambling colors, silver, gold. Lucky days, Tues., Friday.

AQUARIUS

JAN. 20-FEB. 19

* Lucky number this week, 8. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Tues., Sunday.

PISCES

FEB. 20-MAR. 20

* Lucky number this week, 1. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Mon., Saturday.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.

Sandford had stated he wouldn't have given her a divorce. A fellow called Sidney Harmondsworth who died of cerebral haemorrhage was suspected at the Yard of augmenting his income by discreet blackmail. Several people in high places must be greatly relieved that he is no more.

"What you're saying in effect is that all these deaths were convenient deaths. What about Corrigan?"

Corrigan grinned. "Corrigan is a common name. Quite a lot of Corrigans have died — but not to the particular advantage of anyone in particular so far as we can learn."

"That settles it. You're the next prospective victim. Take good care of yourself."

"I will. And don't think that your Witch of Endor is going to strike me down with a duodenal ulcer or Spanish flu. Not a case-hardened doctor!"

"Listen, Jim. I want to investigate this claim of Thyra Grey's. Will you help me?"

"No, I won't. I can't understand a clever educated fellow like you being taken in by such balderdash."

I sighed. "Can't you use another word? I'm tired of that one." "Poppycock, if you like it better."

"I don't much." "Obstinate fellow, aren't you, Mark?"

"As I see it," I said, "somebody has to be!"

Glendower Close was very, very new. It swept round in an uneven semi-circle and at its

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*a girl's
gotta be in
fashion*

... AND FOR SHOE FASHIONS THIS SEASON

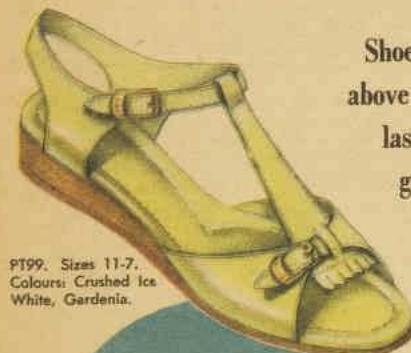
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Colours: Crushed Ice,
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Gardenia, White.



V205. Sizes 4-1½.
Colours: Tan/Gardenia,
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of every fashion-conscious
little lady



BP318. Sizes 4-11. C, D and
E fittings. Black Patent,
Gardenia, White.

lower end the builders were still at work. About half-way along its length was a gate inscribed with the name of Everest.

Visible, bent over the garden border, planting bulbs, was a rounded back which Inspector Lejeune recognised without difficulty as that of Mr. Zachariah Osborne. He opened the gate and passed inside. Mr. Osborne rose from his stooping position and turned to see who had entered his domain. On recognising his visitor, an additional flush of pleasure rose to his already flushed face.

Mr. Osborne in the country was looking very much the same as Mr. Osborne in his shop in London. He wore stout country shoes and was in his shirt sleeves, but even this deshabille detracted little from the dapper neatness of his appearance. A fine dew of perspiration showed on the shining baldness of his domed head. This he carefully wiped with a pocket handkerchief before advancing to meet his visitor.

PLEASURABLY he exclaimed, "Inspector Lejeune! I take this as an honor. I do, indeed, sir. I received your acknowledgment of my letter, but I never hoped to see you in person. Welcome to my little abode. Welcome to Everest. The name surprises you, perhaps? I have always been deeply interested in the Himalayas. I followed every detail of the Everest expedition. What a triumph for our country, Sir Edmund Hillary! What a man! What endurance!"

"As one who has never had to suffer any personal discomfort, I do appreciate the courage of those who go forth to scale unconquered mountains or sail through ice-bound seas to discover the secrets of the Pole. But come inside and partake, I beg of you, of some simple refreshment."

Leading the way, Mr. Osborne ushered Lejeune into the small bungalow which was the acme of neatness, though rather sparsely furnished.

"Not quite settled yet," explained Mr. Osborne. "I attend local sales whenever possible. There is good stuff to be picked up that way, at a quarter of the cost one would have to pay in a shop. Now what can I offer you? A glass of sherry? Beer? A cup of tea? I could have the kettle on in a jiffy?"

Lejeune expressed a preference for beer.

"Here we are, then," said Mr. Osborne, returning a moment later with two brimming pewter tankards. "We will sit and take our rest. Everest. Ha, ha! The name of my house has a double meaning. I am always fond of a little joke."

These social amenities satisfied, Mr. Osborne leaned forward hopefully.

"My information was of service to you?"

Lejeune softened the blow as much as possible.



"You say someone here's been writing you love notes?"

Continuing . . . THE PALE HORSE

from page 57

"Not as much as we hoped, I am afraid."

"Ah, I confess I am disappointed. Though, really, there is, I realise, no reason to suppose that a gentleman proceeding in the same direction as Father Gorman should necessarily be his murderer. That was really too much to hope for. And this Mr. Venables is well-to-do and much respected locally. I understand, moving in the best social circles."

"The point is," said Lejeune, "that it could not have been Mr. Venables that you saw on that particular evening."

Mr. Osborne sat up sharply. "Oh, but it was. I have absolutely no doubt in my own mind, I am never mistaken about a face."

"I'm afraid you must have been this time," said Lejeune gently. "You see, Mr. Venables is a victim of polio. For over three years he has been paralysed from the waist down, and is unable to use his legs."

"Polio!" ejaculated Mr. Osborne. "Oh, dear, dear . . . That does seem to settle the matter. And yet — You'll excuse me, Inspector Lejeune. I hope you won't take offence. But that really is so? I mean you have definite medical evidence as to that?"

"Yes, Mr. Osborne. We have Mr. Venables a patient of Sir William Dugdale of Harley Street, a most eminent member of the medical profession."

"Of course, of course. F.R.C.P. A very well known name! Oh, dear, I seem to have fallen down badly. I was so very sure. And to trouble you for nothing."

"You mustn't take it like that," said Lejeune quickly. "Your information is still very valuable. It is clear that the man you saw must bear a very close resemblance to Mr. Venables — and since Mr. Venables is a man of distinctly unusual appearance, that is extremely valuable knowledge to have. There cannot be many persons answering to that description."

"True, true," Mr. Osborne cheered up a little. "A man of the criminal classes resembling Mr. Venables in appearance. There certainly cannot be many such. In the files at Scotland Yard . . ."

He looked hopefully at the inspector.

"It may not be quite so simple as that," said Lejeune slowly.

"The man may not have a record. And in any case, as you said just now, there is as yet no reason to assume that this particular man had anything to do with the attack on Father Gorman."

Mr. Osborne looked depressed again.

"You must forgive me. Wishful thinking, I am afraid, on my part . . . I should so like to have been able to give evidence at a murder trial . . ."

And they would not have been able to shake me, I assure you of that. Oh, no, I should have stuck to my guns!"

Lejeune was silent, considering his host thoughtfully. Mr. Osborne responded to the silent scrutiny.

"Yes?"

"Mr. Osborne, why would you have stuck to your guns, as you put it?"

Mr. Osborne looked astonished.

"Because I am so certain — yes, I see what you mean. The man was not the man. So I have no business to feel certain. And yet I do —"

Lejeune leaned forward. "You may have wondered why

blame —" Mr. Osborne looked wistful.

"As far as we can ascertain," Lejeune spoke carefully, "Mr. Venables has not got a brother."

"As far as you can ascertain?" Mr. Osborne repeated the words.

"Though of British nationality, he was born abroad, his parents only brought him to England when he was eleven years old."

"You don't know very much about him really, then? about his family, I mean?"

"No," said Lejeune, thoughtfully. "It isn't easy to find out very much about Mr. Venables — without, that is to say, going and asking him — and we've no grounds for doing that."

He spoke deliberately. There



"There's a file in it."

I have come to see you today. Having received medical evidence that the man seen by you could not have been Mr. Venables, why am I here?"

"Quite. Quite. Well, then, Inspector Lejeune, why did you come?"

"I came," said Lejeune, "because the very positiveness of your identification impressed me. I wanted to know on what grounds your certainty was based. It was a foggy night, remember. I have been to your shop. I have stood where you stand in your doorway and looked across the street. On a foggy night it seemed to me that a figure at that distance would be very insubstantial, that it would be almost impossible to distinguish features clearly."

"Up to a point, of course, you are quite right. Fog was setting in. But it came, if you understand me, in patches. It cleared for a short space every now and then. It did so at the moment that I saw Father Gorman walking fast along the opposite pavement. That is why I saw him and the man who followed shortly after him so clearly."

"The man may not have a record. And in any case, as you said just now, there is as yet

no reason to assume that this particular man had anything to do with the attack on Father Gorman."

Mr. Osborne looked depressed again.

"You must forgive me. Wishful thinking, I am afraid, on my part . . . I should so like to have been able to give evidence at a murder trial . . ."

Moreover, just when the second man was abreast of me, he flicked on a lighter to relight his cigarette. His profile at that moment was very clear — the nose, the chin, the pronounced Adam's apple. That's a striking looking man, I thought. I've never seen him about before. If he'd ever been into my shop I'd have remembered him, I thought. So, you see —

Mr. Osborne broke off.

"Yes, I see," said Lejeune thoughtfully.

"A brother," suggested Mr. Osborne hopefully. "A twin brother, perhaps? Now that would be a solution."

"The identical twin solution?" Lejeune smiled and shook his head. "So very convenient in fiction. But in real life . . . he shook his head. "It doesn't happen, you know. It really doesn't happen."

"No . . . No, I suppose not. But possibly an ordinary brother. A close family resemblance . . ."

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